HAD YOUR'S YET? SEE COUPON—PAGE 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI. NO. 574. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1917. ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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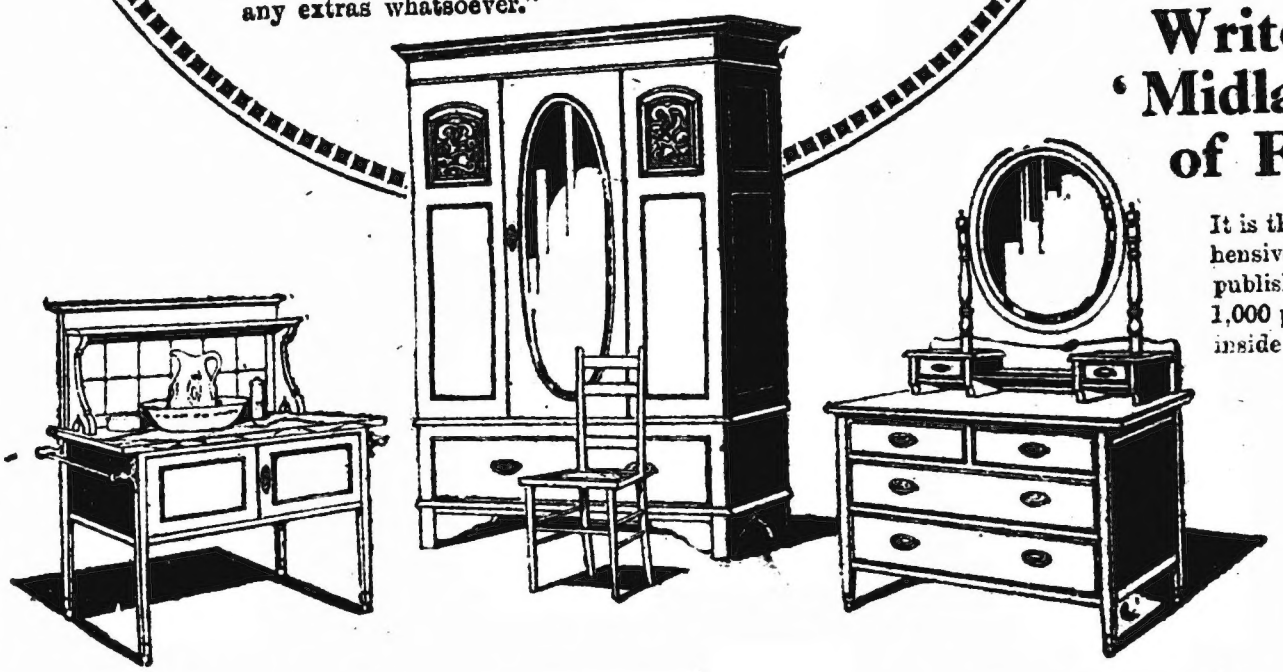

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EXAMPLES OF RATES FOR EACH £100 ASSURED	Age.	Whole of Life participating.	Whole of Life non-participating
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	30 ..	2 7 9	1 17 10
	40 ..	3 3 6	2 12 1
	50 ..	4 9 8	3 15 6
	60 ..	6 16 5	5 16 0

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	65	11 6 8	10 2 0
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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page iii of cover.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXI. No. 574. Week ending Saturday, June 2nd, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Election.

Get ready. It is coming very soon. But what a farce it will be! Still, if only we get rid of the Peace-mongers, it may be worth the trouble. But *shall* we? You see, there is the Party Truce!

"Mr. Speaker."

There are renewed rumours that after the coming General Election the House of Commons will know Mr. Lowther no more—which considerably modifies our desire to return to it.

Ireland.

It was a shrewd move on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to ask All Ireland to meet and settle its own affairs. We fear it won't work—and then we will produce *our* scheme.

Bravo, "F. E."!

Well done, Mr. Attorney! *That* was the way to talk to the strikers. You echoed our own sentiments towards the men—work, and you can have anything in reason; strike, and "ruthlessness" is your portion.

"Cheerful Charlie."

That is what they call Captain Bathurst in the House. Cannot Mr. Lloyd George buck him up a bit? Or is it true that, before the war is ended, we *shall* all be eating thistles?

The Blue and Khaki League.

We have not yet completed arrangements for the inaugural public meeting, but hope to do so within the next few days. No project in connection with the war has so caught the public imagination.

Racing.

What a muddle the Government is getting into over this question, which is now to be reconsidered towards the end of June—when the ground will probably be as hard as iron and all the horses turned out of training! Meanwhile, we shall watch with interest the fulfilment of the pledge that there will be "no distinction of treatment between England and Ireland." We *don't* think! Oh, to be an Irishman!

Those Traitor Princes.

We are getting on. At last the Select Committee of the Lords has "reported"—and Parliament has adjourned!

A Letter Too Many.

Mr. Ben Tillett's stories of food delays clearly suggest that there are officials in the Docks who ought to be in the dock.

"Another Air Raid."

Still they come! Have you filled up your Insurance Coupon? Don't delay.

The Danger Zone.

The fixing of an age for women to become entitled to a vote will cause complications in election campaigns. Many a fair constituent with a vote may not desire to own to it.

Ex-Lieut. Smyth.

The facts of this case are now before the War Office and, we have reason to hope, will be fully investigated by the Attorney-General.

The Peace Microbe.

There can be no question that, with the approach of summer, this microbe is again in evidence. On another page we do our best to scotch it.

Mr. Justice Ridley.

It is not generally known that Mr. Justice Ridley—at last about to retire—is one of our finest classical scholars; which may account for much!

"Great Ness."

There's a funny parish for you, and it evidently deserves its name. Recently the Vicar made some sort of offer of seed potatoes, but some of the applications came too late; and here is his comment: "Too late! Too late! . . . 'If I have told you earthly things and you believe not, how shall ye believe,'" etc. Wouldn't "earthy" things have been more correct in this case?

"Heaven's D.C.M."

But the Vicar has consolation for his flock. He tells them that, "according to Horatio Bottomley," if they go and fight, and fall, they are sure of "Heaven's D.C.M." Now if *we* had said that!

Fiddling.

Talk about Nero whilst Rome was burning! The other night the House of Commons spent several hours discussing a Bill to suppress automatic machines, on the ground that they constituted "gaming" and led the young astray! Set a child to catch a child!

More air raids coming. Be sure to sign our Free War Insurance Coupon, page iii of Cover.

A Great Push.

Look out for squalls. During "Baby Week," July 1st to 7th, every borough in London is to have a pram parade. The "Great Push" with a vengeance!

A Foregone Conclusion.

The Food Controller's advisory committee on the milk question consisted of four farmers, four milk distributors—and a chairman. We *are* surprised that the price has been raised!

Sweden.

How much longer are the Swedes going to submit to the loss and indignity of having their vessels stolen or sunk? So far, they have behaved as tamely as the vegetable which bears their name.

The Sugar Scandal.

A Westcliff lady, a regular customer at the local branch of a well-known multiple stores, reports that in response to the urgent appeal of the shopkeepers that purchasers should carry home their parcels, she always does so, but is penalised by this firm in the result. They admit they have sugar, but tell her they cannot spare even ½lb. for her, as they require the stock for the Account customers. She need not be surprised. The Food Controller does not care a ha'porth.

Votes for Soldiers.

British soldiers everywhere should take note of the Solicitor-General's declaration in the House of Commons in the debate on the new Reform Bill. "Nothing," he said, "could be further from the fact than to say that under the Bill the burden is cast on the absent soldier or sailor to take pains to see that he is not disfranchised. Not only is it the duty of the registration officer to put soldiers on the list, but there is also given to the men themselves the right to claim." We shall watch the progress through the House of that "right" with a jealous eye.

"What, No Potatoes?"

"No potatoes are being supplied to alien internment camps," is the statement of Captain Bathurst, as reported in the evening papers of May 12th. "A week ago," a man in a Government office writes to us, "I made out a cheque for a dealer who had supplied potatoes to two different prisoner-of-war camps, each cheque being for an amount of two figures." No doubt the contradiction here is a question of dates. It is indisputable that the Germhun camps *have* been supplied with large quantities of potatoes, while British women and children not only waited in long queues for them outside the shops, but often waited in vain.

Hocking on the Rum Ration.

Pumpuritan platforms, as we have shown over and over again, have echoed one against another with lies about the soldiers' rum ration. The Rev. Joseph Hocking, at a Woodford "temperance" demonstration, is thus reported: "He mentioned, on the authority of an officer, a case in which our forces were held up for many months on a certain part of the front in France because the men who were to have relieved the force that had held a certain position for a long time failed to arrive. It was afterwards found that the reason for their failure to relieve their comrades was owing to their having been served with a double ration of rum. (Cries of 'Shame.')" Now, we challenge Mr. Hocking for the name of the officer who told him the story and who will vouch for it on the strength of his reputation, if any. A little while ago the Secretary of the Irish Temperance League, Belfast, was fined £50 under the Defence of the Realm Act for making a somewhat similar statement.

A Much-Needed Reminder.

We are glad to see the famous dictum of Mr. Justice Hawkins as to the functions of Crown Counsel so strongly emphasised by Sir Robert Wallace, who, in discharging a prisoner the other day, said: "The duty of the Crown Prosecutor is to see that justice is done, and not to get a conviction. It is only his duty to put the facts before the jury." Bravo, Sir Robert!

As Clear as Mud.

If the Ministry of Food cannot be clear, it had better be quiet. One of their "Six Reasons" why national rations should be adopted is advertised as "Because most of our food comes to us in ships which are being sunk daily by German submarines." It is as obvious as old Stilton that if the ships are sunk the food does not arrive here at all. The Ministry of Food should try again.

The Happy Hollander.

But there is no shortage of food in this country; there cannot be! Let any doubting Thomas ponder this: "15 Dutch ships, which were delayed in England, reached Holland last week, making the voyage under guarantee from the German Government. The 15 steamers had mostly cargoes of grain, cattle-fodder, and manures, so that the whole country is rejoicing in its relief from seriously straitened circumstances." The "whole country is rejoicing," you see. But the country is Holland, not Britain. We have relieved the Dutchmen first.

Licensed for Germhuny?

Again, recently a consignment of 30 tons of raw cotton was carted to Custom House Quay, Lower Thames Street, and presently was put into a barge alongside the wharf, to await shipment to Rotterdam. Though raw cotton is urgently required for our own munitions, this cargo was apparently exported under licence issued by H.M. Privy Council, no doubt on the guarantee that the cotton was required for the use of the Dutch. We fear, however, that it will presently be used by the Germhuns for the purpose of blowing up British soldiers.

A Wise Bishop.

One of our readers tells us he recently travelled from St. Enochs to Dumfries in the same third-class smoking compartment as the Bishop of Glasgow—who, with his favourite South African pipe in his mouth, was busy reading his JOHN BULL, and in the course of conversation explained that he had become a regular reader after finding out how popular it was with the Boys from the Trenches—whom he had recently visited. Being asked his opinion of the publication, he replied, "Well, it undoubtedly contains a great amount of common-sense." Would that it were more common!

Hell for British.

Sergeant J. Forrest, of Tilbury, a prisoner of war in Germhuny since August, 1914, has sent to his wife a letter dated March 2nd, 1917. "Dear Wife and Children," it reads, "Just a few lines to let you know that I have been moved from Libau. I am now on the Russian frontier, working in the trenches under shall-fire all day. The reason we are here is because the English Government have got German prisoners in the firing line in France, and as soon as they are withdrawn so shall we be. Hoping you are all well at home, Your loving husband, Jim." This is, of course, the diabolical lie the Germhuns tell the British prisoners to excuse this monstrous infraction of an unchallengeable humanitarian law of war. We observe that Mr. Hope, speaking for the Government, weakly threatens "drastic action, *if they have a reasonable assurance that it will help our unfortunate prisoners.*" What kind of assurance is possible in such a matter?

How to obtain the "John Bull" Half-Guinea Pen. See page 15.

Shut Out.

When the King was in Liverpool, inspecting certain ships, a thing was done which we are sure he would object to. The men on the vessels had worked hard to get all "ship-shape," and they hoped to see his Majesty when he stepped aboard. But, an hour beforehand, the stoke-hole men, scalers, and others, were shut down below, the water-tight doors being closed against them, and there they were compelled to remain till the King had departed. It was a harsh, repressive, insulting act, keenly felt by the men.

Camp Waste.

Over and over again the public have been assured that the military authorities are making the most strenuous efforts to reduce camp waste. A soldier's wife, however, tells us of whole loaves of bread, pieces of meat, potatoes, and even poached eggs being thrown into the waste-bins at Dover. Of course, this will be stopped—at least awhile—as soon as we expose it.

A Gentle Reminder.

Old newspapers are sometimes interesting. On Oct. 25th, 1912, these were *Daily News* headlines: "Lord Roberts Rebuked for his Anti-German War Speech. Ex-Lord Mayor (Sir J. Vezey Strong) on his Disservice to Cause of Peace." And this is from the same paper, same date: "What Lord Roberts said: War, he declared, will take place the instant the German forces by land and sea are, by their superiority at every point, as certain of victory as anything in human calculation can be made certain." And an ex-Lord Mayor "rebuked" the Man Who Knew, and so did the *Daily News*!

A Shipyard Complaint—

A ship's painter, eleven months discharged from the Army with wounds received at the Dardanelles, says that since coming home he has been in three shipyards on the Clyde. Each time a vessel is finished he and other discharged over-age soldiers receive notices, and have to find work in some other yard, while young, eligible men, badged since the outbreak of the war, are kept on. "I ask you," he says, "is it fair that regular work should always be kept for fit men of military age?" It doesn't seem to be in the nature of cricket, but that is all the information permits us to say about it.

—And Another.

From different parts of the country we hear of the wholesale discharge of women munition workers. For instance, it is said that in the last few weeks Armstrongs, of Newcastle, have paid off three hundred girls. You would think by this that there is no longer any pressing need for "munitions, more munitions, and still more munitions." Or is it that the munition firms are sacking all the willing girls in order to keep all the nice boys?

Allotment Taken Away.

What, on the face of the facts as we have them, looks like a very mean and dirty trick, has been played off against Mrs. B. Ephgrave, wife of a soldier in the Bedford Regiment, by the Tewin (Herts) Parish Council. Her husband, she tells us, held an allotment under the Council, the agreement stating that the rent—4s. per annum—had to be paid half-yearly. This clause has been generally more honoured by allotment-holders in the breach than in the observance, as many of them, including Mrs. Ephgrave, have paid the small sum yearly. All of a sudden, however, the Council has determined to stand by the letter of the agreement, and because she has not paid half-yearly, her tenancy has been terminated and her allotment given to a single man. Apart from the fact that her husband is serving his country in the Army, Mrs. Ephgrave has four children to keep.

Leave.

We know of one Company in a certain Brigade of Field Artillery in France of whom 50 men have had no leave since July, 1915, 10 have not been home since September in that year, and 40 whose last leave was in January, 1916. There may be worse cases, but this is bad enough.

A Good Work.

On June 2nd an "all-star" matinée will be given at the Holborn Empire in aid of the funds of that excellent body, the 4th Squadron City of London Motor Volunteer Corps, whose claims upon public support we have already urged. The Corps is still open to enrol recruits, and is urgently in need of funds. Personal help from those who are not car owners or drivers would also be welcome.

Safe at Home.

From Westminster comes this tit-bit: "The lady who attends here as 'afternoon help' has just received a note from the War Office. It was unsolicited, therefore entirely unexpected. On the face of it the news was sad, for the War Office told her that since the outbreak of war they have been 'unable to trace her husband, and they fear'—the worst! She, however, fortunately is not sharing that fear, for she has given her good man his breakfast for the last 12 months." A strange story—but not unparalleled.

"Those Sinkings."

A friendly sailorman tells us that, when the Admiralty maps out a course for ships, it is not to ensure safety from U-boats, but as a guide to clear our own mine-fields. That view was well in our mind when we wrote; we only suggested that a course so ordered might be more efficiently protected by patrol boats and other craft. Consider these facts, from another seaman: A big steamer, following the course ordered and passing a certain important point, was shelled for three hours before she sank. Had there been one armed trawler near at hand, that ship would be afloat to-day.

The Latest.

Following the legend of the half-million Russians brought over here in the early days of the war, Hector Macdonald resuscitated as Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces, and Lord Kitchener also resurrected and doing great things in a similar capacity, come to us from various quarters more or less circumstantial narratives of cakes sent to prisoners of war in Germany, and returned by the Hunnish authorities, poisoned—in the hope that our youngsters will eat them. We have made inquiries—to find that, when traced to its source, the story is without foundation. Give even the—Hun—his due!

A Happy Ending.

Our readers will remember that a little while ago we published the case of Mdlle. Perderoux, a French refugee, now of Liverpool, who made some bitter reflections on the fact that, try as she would, she could not find employment in this country. Among the many readers who interested themselves in the case were several who offered her situations. The clouds had, however, cleared away meanwhile, mainly owing to the generous donations forwarded to us for her benefit, so that Mdlle. Perderoux was able to reply, "My *fiancé* has been given leave, and I am able to marry him. You see what a kindness dear old JOHN BULL has done for me in making my appeal public. I feel that brighter days are already in store for me. Let me thank you again and all your readers for your kindness." Let us hope that Mdlle. Perderoux will be happy ever after.

Would £250 be useful to you? If so, try "Bullets."

THE GREAT UNREST.

THE OPEN WOUND HEALS READILY; THE HIDDEN SORE REMAINS A SORE.

BY A. G. HALES.

THERE are many men in our public life who hold the belief that you have only to hide a sore to heal it. They are akin to those who would batten down the hatches of a ship and let fire eat into the cargo rather than face the danger and fight it. Such may seem good policy in the eyes of cowards and weaklings, but the good ship Britannia never rode the storms of time and won her way into the harbours of liberty, prosperity, and happiness manned by such a crew of despicable cravens. There is fire, grim and real, in Britain to-day; but I, for one, will take no part in battening down the hatches whilst there is a chance to save the ship. I know the crew who are crying "Hush, hush!" They will be the first to gather up their valuables and scuttle pell-mell over the sides if the fire bursts through and the danger becomes imminent. They are rat-hearted and rat-brained; they dare not even look at danger squarely, let alone stand up and face it for the good of the State and the protection of the commonweal—they are men of their mouths, not men of their hands or heads. In the main, they belong to the political-lawyer class, and they, and they alone, are responsible for all the unrest that is rampant in these Isles to-day. Theirs is the unseen hand that even at this hour keeps five and twenty thousand Germans at liberty within our coasts; theirs the hand that refuses to draw upon the coloured resources of our Empire to crush the foe, whilst ruthlessly ruining our own small shopkeepers by driving them, fit or unfit, to the Colours; theirs the hand that drags at the Britons of fifty, whilst the lusty millions of young coloured manhood clamour in vain for active service; theirs the hand that helped to shovel hundreds of millions of money into the pockets of plundering profiteers in our midst; theirs the hand that protects these Thugs who have been, and are, strangling us with a burden of debt that is almost beyond computation now and is still piling up hour by hour.

The Unrest is Real.

No man who has eyes to see and ears to hear can doubt the reality of the unrest. Had you been at Bow Street the other day, when the young firebrands who had fomented trouble were discharged—had you heard the crowd singing revolutionary songs the instant the order of the Court was made—you would have known that this is no passing phase of spring-time madness, but the reflex of that unrest which has spread from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Had you visited the docks and seen thousands of tons of food going to waste through incompetence—and worse—you would have known why unrest has leaped into being. Had you seen ships half unloaded by order of one Government official, and then without rhyme or reason re-loaded with the same cargo by the order of another Government official, at a time when every ship was well nigh worth her weight in silver, you would understand the cause of the unrest. If you visited the munition factories and came in contact with the fool-made regulations that pin-prick willing men and women who are keen to serve the nation, the unrest would be understood by you. If you took note of the thousands of appointments made by our lawyer-politicians and their satellites and saw how Jeames de la Pluche elbows Bill Blacksmith and Jim Clerk out of positions which a life-time of training qualifies them to occupy, as supervisors and overseers, you would cease to wonder at the discontent. Aye, and if you took the trouble to inform yourselves concerning the long apprenticeship, the rough, hard life, the short-commons of British engineers in the making, and then realise that two pounds four shillings is the wage—the war wage considered good enough for these, the ablest, the most reliable and the most intelligent body of mechanics on the face of this earth—you would grip in your vitals the fact that the unrest is not causeless. If you desire to understand the unrest, look round and see land in these isles that ought to be cut up for closer settlement held for sport and millionaires' fancy purposes. There has been no legislation in *that* direction. Tommy can go overseas, or he can go to the Devil when the war is over; he cannot go on this British land for which he has fought—the lawyer-politicians will see to that, the Thugs who have made fortunes out of food profits and munitions profits will buy up all that is available. Atkins and "Jack" can fare forth to the ends of the earth if *they* want land to call their own. If you desire to get to the heart of the unrest, gaze at the hosts of crippled men who have sacrificed so much and received so little; the people are looking at them and gnashing their teeth.

Can the Unrest be Stopped?

It can. The lawyer-politicians are the cause of it all; they belong neither to the aristocracy nor the people—they are a hybrid breed, preying upon all. They clamour of their loyalty to the Throne, as if that was a virtue belonging only to themselves; there is small merit in their loyalty, for any lawyer-politician will sell his soul for a *sovereign*; The unrest must be stopped, because if it comes to a head Britain will be as Russia is, and military despotism will not be crushed in our time. Take the power out of the hands of the pariah class; put dockers over dock-workers, miners over mine-workers, skilled artisans over mechanics. Send Lord Devonport back to the spot where they found him; he has been weighed in the balance, and his ineptitude is one of the most appalling facts in the history of the War—he was born to retail small beer and weigh out sugar by the pound. Force the lawyer-politicians to run a Bill through Parliament compelling closer settlement on the land—British land, not overseas—and so provide homes and work for millions of our people on the soil that bred them and for which they have bled. Don't dream for a moment that the workman or workwoman is ever going back to the state of things existent before the War—they are not; and in spite of veiled hints thrown out recently you have no power that can make them. Labour cannot be driven; it must be led. The sane men want no foolery from either side; no antagonisms and no veiled threats—this is good old Britain, not Prussia. We want the causes of unrest removed, and removed quickly, and we want the workers of all shades to bear with fools patiently, whilst we get on with the War, and Victory worthy of our sacrifices comes to our arms. And now what one of the newspapers hastened, on the announcement of its appointment, to christen a "great" Inquiry is to be held into the causes of this unrest. Every patriot will wish success to it; but, for myself, I am not very hopeful—so many Commissions and Committees have been brought into being to deal with "public questions arising out of the war." Would it be believed that, down to the end of last year, no fewer than 110 of these were in existence, providing lucrative and "cushy" occupations for hosts of officials? How many have since been appointed, Heaven only knows! And I suppose that, like the 1851 Exhibition Commission, some of them will go on for ever. Oh, these politicians! When *shall* we be rid of them?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I do hope that some means may be found of ensuring that the Sinn Fein element *shall* be adequately represented at the forthcoming Irish Convention. Apart from this, it seems to me that things might as well be left where they are; for even if the official Nationalists and the Unionists were able to arrive at an agreement, they would still have to settle with the Sinn Feiners—and how hopeful a job that would be I leave you to imagine. It is of the essence of your scheme that the Convention should be representative of all shades of Irish opinion, from one extreme to the other, and I urge you to leave no expedient untried for the attainment of this result. JOHN BULL.

To General Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief, Italian Army.

DEAR GENERAL,—The news of your victorious advance on the Carso plateau comes at a most opportune moment, and I venture to hope that this well-earned success may be the prelude to even grander triumphs in the early future. In this country, with its traditional and warm friendship for the Italian people, the fortunes of your armies are watched with peculiar interest, and we sympathise to the full with the patriotic aims that inspire your glorious efforts in the common cause. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Earl Rosebery.

MY DEAR LORD ROSEBERY,—I am sure the whole sporting world is grateful to you for heading that deputation to the Prime Minister. But how you could have allowed him to dismiss you with the promise of reconsidering matters in a month's time passes my comprehension. Still, we *may* get a little jumping—mayn't we? JOHN BULL.

To Swift MacNeill, Esq., K.C., M.P.

DEAR SIR,—Glad to see you are a careful reader of JOHN BULL, and that you have given Parliamentary voice to my demand that the enemy princes should be deprived of their honours as well as their titles. It is a scandal, indeed, that ten should possess the Victorian Order, whilst eight are Knights of the Bath. The only bath they deserve is "something lingering with boiling oil in it." I note, too, the unsatisfactory reply of Mr. Bonar Law, who tried to make something of the fact that France had not proposed to take "similar action." Does he suggest that the French Legislature numbers among its members traitors who take pensions from the State? I *don't* think!. JOHN BULL.

To Willis Bund, Esq., J.P., Worcestershire Education Committee.

SIR,—You have so unhappy a knack of saying and doing the wrong things that you can hardly be surprised to find yourself frequently in trouble. The latest information is that, on your re-election as Chairman of the County Education Committee, you complained of having "to listen to the whining mendicancy of teachers," a gratuitously offensive allusion for which the only basis is that, in common with nearly every other wage-earning class in the community, the Worcester teachers are applying for an adequate War bonus. Even *you* are under obligation to keep a civil tongue. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Tennant, Director, Women's Section, National Service.

DEAR MADAM,—I have your letter concerning the woman volunteer for the land who was told she would not be allowed to see her husband until after the war, not even if he were wounded, killed, or discharged. You explain to me that farmers cannot carry on their work if volunteers suddenly leave for personal reasons, and that many married women, "after conversation with the Selection Committee," realise that their domestic ties are of a character which make it difficult for them to undertake land work. The point, however, is that this woman volunteer for the land says she was told by the "lady in attendance" that if she was accepted she would not under any conditions be allowed to see her husband until after the war, not even if he were wounded, killed, or discharged. Is that, or is it not, the condition of the service? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. W. Fisher, Vicar of St. Mark's, Rosherville.

REV. SIR,—One of the boys at the Front draws my attention to the fact that you are endeavouring to raise funds in the parish for a War Memorial in the form of "a Cross in the churchyard, with a tablet in the church recording the names of those who have fallen." Please do not think I wish to put even a word in the way of such a recognition of brave men and gallant deeds. I feel certain it was merely a momentary irritation at the somewhat slow receipt of subscriptions which induced you to say in the parish magazine, "I notice that some who have lost relatives have as yet given nothing; they will no doubt expect the names of their dear ones to appear on the memorial, but do they wish others to pay for this?" This, as the boy at the Front puts it, "is very hard on relatives who can ill afford money for such a purpose at times like these, especially if they are dependent on Army separation pay." Still, I don't think you meant to hurt anybody's feelings, and so you can tell well-to-do folk in Rosherville from me that I hope they will help the Memorial along. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling, Royal Courts of Justice, London.

DEAR JUDGE,—It would have been surprising indeed if so illustrious a humourist as your Lordship had not had the time of his life in Huntington *v.* Lewis and Simmons. The case set the town agape; it rivalled all the *matinées*, reduced the afternoon concerts to nought, and made the ha'penny papers worth a penny. I know a man who was one of the audience every day, and he told me he would not have missed the week's amusement even if it had cost him a guinea a seat, instead of—oh, no, *not* the policeman! And now that Messrs. Lewis and Simmons have to pay back the £20,000 to Mr. Huntington with interest and all the costs of the lawyers and the experts—oh, those experts!—your Lordship will probably agree with me that the question was as much "When is a joke not a joke?" as "When is a Romney not a Romney?" 'Tis a merry world, m' Lud. Think you not so? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. John Hill, Secretary of the Boilermakers' and Shipbuilders' Society.

DEAR SEC.,—Do simmer down and attend to your own affairs, of which you may know something. But, from your circular to the members of your Union, I gather you know little about racing. Who on earth told you "there are 40,000 racehorses in this country"? Why not say 400,000, and have done with it? The whopper would only be one "0" larger. And each racehorse, you say, "consumes 14 lbs. of oats per day." John, I guess not. How could they consume all those oats in addition to the bath-buns they have for lunch and the eggs and bacon for breakfast? "For what purpose," you ask, do those 40,000 racehorses consume those oats? And you reply to your own question:—"To provide excitement for the better classes, which the law makes it legal for them to indulge in and gamble on." Rubbish, my dear John—pure rubbish, unworthy of a good trade-unionist. I do not think your 76,000 members will be gammoned by it. They know otherwise, every man-jack of them. But your wild, woolly mis-statements will please fools and cranks, and dear old ladies will credit them because they know no better. But you should. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P.

DEAR LORD ROBERT,—I am glad to have your assurance that "the whole question of the commercial side of diplomacy is under consideration," and that you hope shortly to be able "to submit extensive changes." As you may know the matter is one that has frequently engaged my attention and I have repeatedly urged that the British Consular Service should be reserved for men of British birth and training, appointed with decent regard to their fitness for the duties involved. The case for reform is admitted on all hands, and I beg you to lose no time in getting your new scheme into operation. We shall need sharp weapons for the commercial campaign ahead. JOHN BULL.

AN UNTAPPED EL DORADO.

MILLIONS WAITING FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THERE can be no question that the advent into the War of America has materially relieved the financial strain upon the cash resources of the Allies. And we are all looking forward to the beneficial results of the new Alliance. Undoubtedly it greatly simplified the task of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when preparing his Budget for the current financial year. But we must not think we have seen the end of the demands upon our purse. On the other hand, we must prepare for another draft, on a colossal scale, at an early date, especially as this nonsense about "no indemnities by way of penalty" is becoming fashionable in official quarters. But our object to-day is simply to face the practical question of how to raise further money, when the time comes, with as little expense to the State and as little inconvenience to the public as possible. We have no hesitation in saying that the course nearest to hand is the adoption of Bonus or Premium Bonds—a method we have long advocated.

Opposition of the "Unco guid."

There can be no question whatever that but for the "goody-goody" element in the House of Commons this scheme would have found its way into the Budget. At any rate, we are in a position to say that Mr. Bonar Law was greatly enamoured of its attractions. Of course he had to guard himself against the opposition of the "Unco guid," but he took his courage into his hands to a sufficient extent to confess that he had "an open mind." That declaration in itself was a shock to what may very aptly be called the Nonconformist Conscience—by which we mean the Conscience which cannot conform to the new spirit and conditions of the times in which we live. These people will protest that the adoption of the scheme will mean the official recognition of "gambling"—whatever that word may signify. We suppose, to be consistent, they would like to abolish the tax on playing-cards—as involving the State recognition of Baccarat, and of the Drink Licences and duties—as being an encouragement to drunkenness. But that Bonus Bonds will come in the end is "as sure as death." Realise what has happened in a small way with the Glasgow Tramways Lottery. Illegal? Oh yes, very wrong; but it has meant that within a few weeks nearly £20,000 has been obtained for the Red Cross, and no one is a penny the worse. Hundreds of millions of pounds are waiting for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We wish it were open to us to give the Chancellor a practical illustration of the possibility before him. There are, however, obstacles in the way of a private individual giving him a lead. Premium Bonds, by their very nature, would have to be issued by some public body, to whom subscribers could safely entrust their capital. There is, we know, a general idea that an issue of such Bonds would constitute an infringement of the Lottery Acts, but that is a point we should be prepared to argue before any Court of Law, and we believe we should be not less successful than we were some time ago, when we induced the Divisional Court to put the Treasury right in regard to other aspects of the Lottery Law. But the fact remains that no Bond Issue could hope for general support unless guaranteed by some State or other public authority.

The "Little Man's" Chance.

We therefore respectfully invite Mr. Bonar Law to give the scheme his serious consideration. It is one which would especially appeal to the small man. As has been well pointed out by Mr. H. G. Wells, the wage-earner with a few pounds surplus cash finds no attraction in ordinary 5 per cent. investments—the interest being a negligible consideration. Given, however, absolute security for his capital, and the prospect of obtaining a little fortune, or even a substantial prize, and he would readily hand over his spare money to the Government; it is infinitely preferable that he should do this rather than fritter it away in unnecessary "luxuries"—pianos, flash jewellery, and even "drink" if you will. Our letter-bag convinces us that queues of people would line up outside the Banks and Post Offices at sunrise waiting to purchase their tickets. This happened a month or so ago in France, and will always happen where an appeal is made to the natural instincts of the human race—especially when seasoned with a spice of patriotism. Let the first issue be, say, £100,000,000 of 5 per cent. Premium Bonds. Five per cent. upon £100,000,000 means £5,000,000. Our suggestion is that £3,000,000 of this amount should be distributed upon the Bonds by way of annual interest—at the rate of 3 per cent.—and that the remaining £2,000,000 should be used as a Prize Fund to be distributed at periodical drawings. The first prize might be £100,000—ranging down to even £5 prizes. In this way every Bondholder would get (1) absolute security for his capital, (2) a reasonable rate of interest, and (3) a chance of drawing one of the prizes. We would undertake to place such an issue in a day—and similar issues could be made every month during the War and would be easily subscribed. We are wedded to no particular scheme, but something on the lines we have indicated would, we are certain, be assured of success. In these days many old prejudices and convictions are being thrown to the wind. Let this idiotic "anti-gambling" nonsense go with them. Have you noted what the Chancellor of the Exchequer said only a day or two ago, when he was discussing the possibility of making a new call on the financial resources of the country? He pointed very definitely to the conscription of money—the forcible taking of the savings of the People. Well, if that is inevitable no one will complain. But the State has no right to shut out an avenue of certain wealth when the road is clear and straightforward. Bonus or Premium Bonds is that road.

A Pledge of Support.

We desire, however, to be practical and to set an example which we venture to suggest might be followed by other journals who favour this method of raising new money. We append a form assuring the Chancellor of the Exchequer support, and if those of our readers to whom the plan appeals will return the same to us, we will undertake in due course to submit a definite scheme to Mr. Bonar Law, together with evidence of its assured success. And, with this knowledge up his sleeve, we have reason to believe that he will at length make up his mind to follow the example of Continental nations, and tap a veritable El Dorado which has so far been neglected. Please, therefore, send us along the coupon, and get each of your friends to do the same without delay. We will do the rest.

To the Editor, JOHN BULL, 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.*

In the event of the Government deciding to make an issue of Premium or Bonus Bonds, I shall be prepared to support the same.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

(*Write plainly and state whether Mrs., Miss, or Mr.*)

This coupon to be returned to the Editor in an envelope, marked "Bonds" in left hand corner.

THE OCTOPUS.

"Before we're freed from war's alarms
I mean to grow a few more arms;
There's lots of things I'd like to seize,
But I've begun by grabbing these!"

A REVOLTING CHARGE.

HIGH-BORN OFFENDER GOES SCOT FREE.

We have several times called attention to the anomaly which permits Treasury Counsel to appear for the defence in criminal trials, and we notice that Mr. R. D. Muir has lately been very busy on the opposite side of the bar to that at which he commonly appears. On the principle laid down by Mr. Justice Hawkins—and so fittingly reiterated by Sir Robert Wallace the other day—that Crown Counsel are "ministers of justice," it is surely to be regretted that Mr. Muir should have lent his conspicuous abilities to the defence of the Hon. George Harcourt Johnstone—neither his courtesy title nor position in life was apparently mentioned in Court—a Charterhouse boy of 17, and heir to the Derwent peerage, who was charged at Godalming with inciting a soldier to commit an indecent offence. The case was a revolting one. What was chiefly remarkable was the line taken by the defence, for which Mr. Muir was responsible. On the authority of a London specialist, it was suggested that the gross depravity of the defendant "was a phase which sometimes occurred in the life of a boy of that age" and that this "abnormality" might best be dealt with by "proper and strict control under medical supervision." In his evidence on behalf of the accused, Dr. Henry Head, F.R.S., Physician to the London Hospital, was careful to avoid any suggestion of actual insanity, which might have landed the culprit in a criminal lunatic asylum, but he ventured the learned theory that "the boy was at an age at which it was extremely common for all sorts of curious abnormalities in conduct to make their appearance." We can fancy what kind of a reception would have been given to this extraordinary pleading if the defendant had been a poor man's son, instead of a Charterhouse boy and the heir to a barony of the United Kingdom. However, the Magistrates, after some deliberation, actually dismissed the summons, handing the young reprobate over to his uncle, who promised to keep him out of harm's way for the future. This amazing decision was doubtless a feather in the cap—or the wig—of Mr. R. D. Muir, but it reflects little credit on the Godalming Bench, whose action amounted almost to the condonation of a gross and unnatural offence.

GREENFIELD AND PASTURES NEW.

WAR WASTE AND MR. BONAR LAW'S FEARS.

Scrapping a town at Henbury, near Bristol, and wasting a million-and-a-half of public money, is only one of the little games of the Ministry of Munitions which call for public notice. It is officially explained that all the preliminary work of roads, railways, foundations and water mains is now brought to nought because it has been discovered that America can send us, ready made, the particular explosive we need. But what about another bit of "scrapping," of which the newspapers appear to be in sublime ignorance? Six months ago Greenfield, near Oldham, a peaceful little village, sustained a perfect "attack." Workmen appeared by the hundred, contractors' plant was hurried up in a procession of motor-wagons, material came by the train-load. An estate was marked out for buildings, light railways were laid along the hill sides to quarries where suitable stone could be procured. Everything was speeded up. It was common talk that fields were to be covered with works which would be in full swing by June. The haste justified the report. Huge wooden buildings, to be used as dormitories, canteens, baths and washhouses, sprang up with mushroom quickness. Six hundred men were regularly employed. Then came the bolt from the blue in the shape of a telegram to stop working. Six hundred men started on their jobs in the morning; before noon all had been turned off "till further orders." Some said that the works had fallen upon the wrong "Greenfield"; it should have been Greenfield, Flint—others on better authority named a place in Gloucestershire: that the latter was correct was proved by the offer of work to most of the men if they would permit themselves to be "transported." Buildings were taken down and the material carted away; the ground was levelled, and what had been built as foundations was covered over with the original soil. So ended the great scheme. It is estimated, by those in a position to calculate, that at least £60,000 of the nation's money has been spent. We should like to know whether the Greenfield scrapping has become part of the general waste at Henbury. Mr. Bonar Law tells us he may be compelled to conscript our money before long. We are not surprised.

WE HOLD ALL T

Annexation, Restitution, Indemnities, Retributio

By THE EDITOR

WHAT is the meaning of all this darned nonsense about peace without either annexation, penalties or indemnities? I confess I do not understand it. I know that the position of Russia to-day as an Ally is one of delicacy and even uncertainty, and I am prepared to make full allowance for the aspirations of a newly born democracy for international brotherhood, and all that kind of thing. But, for the life of me, I don't see why the rest of the Allies should make fools of themselves by repeating the parrot platitudes of the muzhiks and other nascent peoples of the near East—with the scales of Czardom just falling from their eyes. What are we fighting for? In face of the attempts of the Pro-German and the Pacifist to whittle down the aims and purpose of the Allies, I am tempted to put the question in all seriousness. We entered into this quarrel, if we are to believe the politicians, because a sacred Treaty was regarded by Germany as "a scrap of paper" and Belgium was over-run by her armies. We have it on the authority of the Prime Minister that we should not have gone to war even to help France or to save Russia—it was the violation of Belgium that brought us, in hot haste, into the sanguinary arena. Very well then, we went to war for an ideal—the rights of the small nations. But we have since learnt that the existence of *large* nations—that the very liberties of the British people, the stability of the British Empire—is involved in our winning a crushing victory and imposing terms—firm, inexorable terms—upon the foe. That is the position to-day. Germany regards not Russia—with whom, through her Socialists, she is flirting; not France—her fifty years foe; not Japan; not even Italy—which stepped out of the Triplice entanglements; not America—the great Neutral now clothing herself in the habiliments of war. None of these does Germany regard as her unforgivable enemy. *Britain* is the deadly foe, and by persistent teaching, by daily writing in her official organs, her people are being taught to look upon us as the nation to be crushed, at all costs, out of existence. It is of the first importance that the British people should understand this when peace talk fills the air. Germany is ready to snatch any sort of peace which will leave her strong enough for that not far-distant day when she could try conclusions with the might of Britain and of the Empire which alone stand between her and world conquest.

Germany's Real Objective.

There is danger—real, present danger—from the attempt of our statesmen to water down those demands which in the early days of the war we were told were the least we should exact from the conquered Hun, that this war might end without the Allies winning all for which so much has been sacrificed, and securing those safeguards without which all the sacrifices would be as blood poured into the bottomless sea. That cry, artfully started by the German Socialists and innocently echoed by the Russian revolutionists, "No annexation, no indemnity" is a very real menace. If they had been the watchwords in the opening months of the war they might have possessed some reality. But as the awful days of death and suffering have grown into the present ghastly total, it has become mere hypocrisy to pretend that we, at any rate, could rest content with anything less than a defeat of Germany so crushing, a strangulation of her power so complete, that not for a century should she be able to raise her arrogant and challenging head in the face of Civilisation. While people at home are trying to make our legitimate aims fit in with Russia's renunciation, German journals are enforcing the real objective of all her efforts—"*The one thing important and indispensable is to break the British Empire and British sea-power.*" There is, we are told, the League of Ten, but that, while Germany has "many opponents" she has only "*a single enemy—England.* It cannot yet be seen whether we shall, sooner or later, return to the footing of so-called friendly relations—of political business—with all the other States which are now opposed to us, *but the fight against England will be finished only when one of the two States is physically unable to go on struggling.* It is England or we. We shall give our last drop of blood and our last thought, so that it may not be we who must say some day, 'We can go on no longer, give us peace.'" There is nothing vague or doubtful in that attitude. We hear the challenge; we know the fate which our enemies would reserve for us.

Compromise Means Defeat.

There is, therefore, not the slightest excuse if we fail to understand. If we compromise with the foe we shall be compounding the greatest crime ever committed against our people—a sinister and long cherished plot to destroy our Empire. We *cannot* compromise; we must fight on until the foe is beaten to the dust. Half beaten already, she is trying to prevent the final blow by appealing to that Humanity she has outraged—to the Democracies she has insulted—to temper the wind to her shorn power—to let her down lightly now that the game is up. All this I grant is a healthy sign—a sign that she understands what the near future has in store for her, unless she can drive in the wedge of dissension and discord between the Allies. Tempting baits are thus held out to Russia. But all the time Germany is crying out for booty and territory and vengeance. Belgium is to be retained, and Antwerp,—Napoleon's "pistol at the heart of England"—is to remain in her possession, a standing menace to our sea power and our island safety. France's rich coalfields of Briey and Longwy are to become Germany's prize; Poland also, and possibly a large extent of Russian land is to be used for colonisation. And, in addition, all those colonies which have been won by the sword in Africa and the East are to be returned to her —"*with increases*"! Such are the real aims and aspirations of Germany—and all the while our peace cranks are talking about no annexation, no indemnities—and no reprisals! To Hell with such criminal nonsense! That peace is coming cannot be doubted—the world, as was remarked in these pages recently, is war-weary. But the fighting in the West abates nothing of its fury;

THE CARDS!

...tion and Guarantees the Only Terms.

...TOR.

Italy is making new conquests; and if on the Russian front there is an ominous and long-continued lull, the power and might of the Allies is equal to every demand. But to discuss the terms of peace before the foe is completely crushed is to toy with the gravest issues which have ever faced the world—to appear even for an instant to consider terms less drastic and onerous than those which Germany deserves for her crimes and her outrages would be to betray the future of the British Empire. It is no dove that to-day hovers over the embattled fronts of Europe—it is the eagle of war, with blood-crimsoned talons, disguised in gentler form. To welcome this bird of prey, to be deceived by his disguise, to give him for an instant a foothold on allied ground might mean death to our Imperial liberties and damnation to the glory of the British race. I am for peace—everyone whose heart is torn by the terrible sacrifices which are daily offered up to High Heaven is for peace. War is awful—soul-rending; and peace is the Great Comforter. But it is God's sternest instrument of chastisement and regeneration; a peace such as Germany is now scheming for would be worse than war. We have only to maintain the fight a little longer, to keep a stout heart and a steady hand through the next few months, and all that we are struggling for will be secured. There is no sign of faltering on the part of our glorious lads on land and sea. But at a time when Government blundering and Ministerial stupidity, when harrowing restrictions on liberty and petty interference for no good purpose, are helping to alienate public feeling and to depress the national spirit, it is necessary to utter a stern warning.

The Peace that Must Come.

If we are to make secure the British Empire after this war, there *must* be "annexation." Let anyone who doubts the absolute necessity of retaining the African Colonies which have been won from Germany, and those isolated ocean places which she had secured, read the speeches of General Smuts. No one would accuse the man who fought for the Boers so gallantly of being a Jingo—that is why his views, which cut right across the aims of the Pacifists, are so valuable. General Smuts holds that to return Germany her colonies would be to make disaster sure in the future. Her designs are now clear to all the world. The silences of a Haldane, the concealed fears of a British Cabinet, kept them long hidden from the nation. But now we know. And whatever else emerges from this war, one thing cannot, shall not, result—that we allow Germany, in the words of General Smuts, to settle down again on our Imperial lines of communication, to build up in colonies overseas submarine bases which would be used on another war to our complete destruction. Remember this—that the newly revealed menace of the submarine has demonstrated a danger to our sea power greater than any since the British Navy first fought for the command of the ocean ways. Whatever may be the attitude of other European Powers towards the foe, ours must be conditioned by this new and terrible risk. Just think it over. Then when we come to demand not only that Germany shall give up Antwerp, but that she shall not hold an inch of coast line in Belgium—that her navy, if not destroyed beforehand, shall be broken and dispersed, and that submarine building shall cease—the full force and meaning of those demands will be understood. Those words of warning are worth recording in letters of crimson.

The Cards in Our Hands.

This is what General Smuts told the citizens of London at the Guildhall: "In the years of peace behind us we see what has happened. Everywhere on your communications Germany has settled down; everywhere on your communications you will find a German colony or a German settlement, small or large, and the day might come when you would be in jeopardy through your communications being cut. One of the by-products of this war has been that the whole world outside Europe has been cleared of the enemy. You are now in this position, that once more you can consider the problem of your future as a whole. When peace comes to be made you have all these cards in your hand, and you can go carefully into the question of what is necessary for your future security and the future of the enemy, and can say what you are going to keep and what you are going to give away." The cards in our hands! If "no annexation" would deny to us this security, then let the whole world know we will never subscribe to such a suicidal formula. If others chose to renounce the fruits of victory and their own future security, for some fancied and momentary ideals, we can be no party to a betrayal of our own Imperial interests. "No annexation, no indemnity," says the French Premier, "does not apply to restitution based upon right and justice, and to the horrifying outrages committed in France." Well, within these terms we can fight on until we dictate *our* conditions.

Nothing to Fear.

In the past the politicians have befooled us, have pretended with lies on their lips that the Kaiser was our friend, the German our loving brother. By falsehood and fraud we were left to slumber in idleness and indifference—those of us who cried out the warning words were denounced as fools and knaves or scaremongers. If ever again the nation is betrayed they will deserve the fate of traitors. We have nothing to fear. Might as well as justice is on our side. If with the whole majesty and power of the world against her Germany can win this war, then it would be well to appoint the Kaiser High Lord of Humanity and implore Hindenburg to become Master of the British Race. But, thank God, that race is still what it ever was. We can afford to leave to the judgment of the world the punishment to be meted out to the criminals—"*wherever they are and whatever their station.*" What we cannot afford is to risk our Imperial security at the touch of sentiment. Germany has been swept from all the seas; and now it is our solemn duty, by annexation, by retribution, by indemnity—by every means open to the victor—to make certain that never again shall she challenge the power of the British Empire, and, by challenging it, the peace and civilisation of the world.

"THIS WAY TO THE CEMETERY!"

TRAGEDY OF PHYSICALLY UNFIT KIDNAPPED FOR THE ARMY.

Though Mr. D. Whittingham, the Nottingham Coroner, paid to examining doctors for the Army the compliment of expressing his belief that "they had by no means an easy task to come to proper conclusions, and he was sure they did their duty," the evidence before him at the inquest in which he made this statement did not and cannot remove the impression that any doctor conscientiously examining William Renshaw, of Mansfield, aged 34, with the single question in mind whether or not the man was medically fit for military service, must have come to the conclusion that it would be wrong and cruel to take him. It is a "hospital fodder" case of characteristic type, except that Renshaw put an end to his mental and physical troubles by cutting his throat. The short medical history of the man is that he had been ill for over a year "with a breakdown of his digestive organs, a painful digestion, a dilated stomach and a loss of flesh; living on a milk diet, and totally unable to eat ordinary food." All this time he had been in the hands of private doctors, who, when he was called up to be examined by the Medical Board at Derby, gave him certificates clearly stating the medical reasons for his unfitness. Three times he went before this Board, and three times they sent him back. On his fourth appearance—apparently under the pressure of regulations which make examining doctors the docile instruments of Army authorities determined to get men for the ranks by hook or by crook, fit or unfit—the Board passed him into category C2. He was in the Army for eight weeks. Five weeks of this period he spent in various military hospitals. When he came home for short leave on being drafted for France, his legs were swollen with rheumatism, and he consulted a doctor. A day or so afterwards he was found dead in a fowlhouse with his throat cut. "Dear father and mother," commenced a letter on his body, "I cannot stand this suffering any longer. Try to forget your broken-hearted son." The verdict of the jury was "Suicide while temporarily insane." The truth of that is self-evident; not less, however, is it self-evident that Renshaw was driven to suicide by those who sent him physically unfit into the Army and those others who, having got him, were determined he should not come out again, no matter how long or how often he was in military hospitals. The tragedy as here related from the proceedings at the inquest renders it unnecessary for us to elaborate censure or multiply epithets. We will say no more than that in the big book of British recruiting tragedies the death of William Renshaw, of Mansfield, will have a foremost place. Here and now the Army doctors who still have their patriotic duty to do may read the story. Let us hope that, reading it, they will resolve to perform their duty as well to the man as to the nation, carefully, faithfully, and conscientiously, let the pressure of the military instructions to them be what it will. Whether they take the historic oath administered to our Judges and Magistrates we know not, but they are not the less bound to carry out their functions "without fear or favour."

THE SECRET SEALS.

REMARKABLE STORY ABOUT THE BOARD OF INVENTIONS.

As the school primers tell us, the seal is noted for its skin. It is also celebrated for its power of detecting sound, or sounds in the water. It was thought by the Board of Inventions and Research that seals might serve to inform British destroyers regarding submarines, after which a torpedo could do the rest. And we are assured, gravely and seriously, that the Board's experts were experimenting last Christmas time on the Forth, and that an official was sent to visit Hengler's Circus, then at Glasgow, for the purpose of training seals for the work indicated. "Nothing came of it," says our informant—at which we express no surprise. But, about a month after that Circus business a German comic paper printed a cartoon showing a seal leading a British destroyer to a submarine. Underneath were the words, "The British Way of Catching our U-Boats." Our correspondent is no anonymous person, and he states things that prove he is not without knowledge of his subject. So many remarkable things are done, that even this absurdity may have been attempted.

POLICE TRICKERY.

MANCHESTER STIPENDIARY'S OUTSPOKEN PROTEST.

The opinion of the late Mr. Paul Taylor that the police in licensing matters have been "riding the regulations to death," is apparently shared by the Manchester City Stipendiary, Mr. E. Brierley, who lately took strong exception to the police methods employed in a case before him. It seems that two Special Constables, acting no doubt upon official instructions, had visited a public-house in the company of a woman whom they proceeded to "treat," in flat contravention of the law, subsequently prosecuting the publican and others for "permitting" the offence. Clever as this trick may have appeared to the Manchester police authorities—who, as is well known, have peculiar notions of public decency—it did not appeal to the learned Stipendiary, who, to "mark his disapproval of such methods," dismissed three out of the five summonses, and let the landlord off with a fine of 10s. In addition, the Bench threw out a suggestion which we ourselves have frequently advanced—namely, that summonses should be applied for against the police witnesses, who had obviously been themselves guilty of, and incited others to, a breach of the licensing regulations. If this salutary advice were acted upon, we should probably hear a great deal less of these cases in which the police have appeared in the un-English rôle of *agents provocateurs*. Magisterial opinion is hardening in favour of a fairer administration of the restrictive regulations. At Wolverhampton several cases were recently dismissed in circumstances very similar to those at Manchester, and elsewhere it is becoming plainly evident that, if the police wish to succeed in prosecutions of this character, they will have to play the game in stricter accordance with British notions of fairness.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Come, let us England's shires arouse
To hearken unto Tommy's grouse!
The Welsh, the Scots, the Anzacs, too,
Are praised—but does *he* get *his* due?

The big bugs of the L.C.C.
Have got a "down" on poverty,
For otherwise they would not dare
To wash out the half-penny fare.

As soon as Devonport butts in
The profiteers produce a grin,
They know if he should fix a price
Their gains will double in a trice.

A SPECIAL OFFER

Of Health and Happiness and 4/6 worth for 2/3 One trial bottle only.

Are you ill? Are you run down? Is some dear one weak and ailing—maybe convalescent after wounds of war, wounds in the body, or wounds to the war-worn mind and spirit? Are you suffering from anæmia, debility, sleeplessness, nervous breakdown, want of appetite, indigestion or a wasting disease?
Then see how keen we are to prove to you what a **real** tonic will do—a tonic **whose ingredients are known**; plainly published; signed by the famous authority, Sir Charles Cameron, former President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.
The tonic is the wine food, Winox. It is the **only** wine tonic that publishes an exact analysis of its contents on each and every bottle.
We shall not dilate upon how you feel, nor how your invalid relative or friend feels. You know all that. But we **do** want to prove to you what Winox will do.

To prove our implicit confidence in Winox, we will send you a large, rich, life bringing bottle of Winox—the full, regular 4/6 size—for 2/3 only. We *know* what Winox will do. Cut this advt. out and enclose with 27 penny stamps to—

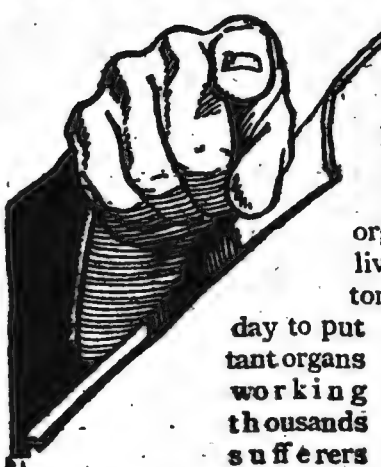
Winox Ltd., Kew Foot Rd., Richmond, Surrey

and get wonderful Winox by return.

Those who have already tried Winox may NOT avail themselves of this offer.

WINOX
The Tonic whose Contents are known

IF YOU SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION



If you suffer from pains after eating, acidity, flatulence, headaches, biliousness or constipation, it is probably due to the fact that your organs of digestion—stomach, liver and bowels—have lost tone and need help. Begin to-day to put these important organs into proper working order, as thousands of former sufferers have done, by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup after your meals. There are more than ten varieties of medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup, and these exert a wonderfully beneficial action on stomach, liver and bowels, enabling them to perform their functions naturally. In this way Indigestion is banished and the whole system benefits in a remarkable manner. Put it to the test to-day.

YOU NEED

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 Bottle contains *three times as much* as the 1/3 Bottle.

BANISH HAIR POVERTY.

How to Rid Yourself of Falling Hair and Dandruff, and Secure Healthy, Radiant, Abundant Hair.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE.

Remarkable interest has been aroused by the ever-increasing number of cases of hair troubles reported from all over Great Britain. Thousands of men and women are finding Hair Poverty, Premature Baldness, and Loss of Colour troubling them to-day as never before.

Are War conditions responsible for all this? Actually in many cases they are.

DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR HAIR

"There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles," said Mr. Edwards, the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," "but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy. I have heard of extraordinary cases of hair troubles. There are hundreds of thousands who are suffering from hair weakness due to the anxiety, worry, and overwork of these trying times, which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept the Free Gift I am prepared to offer.

"I am willing to send to the first million people who write for it a parcel containing all the necessary materials for a seven days' practice of hair-health and beauty cultivation free of all charge."

IMPROVE YOUR HAIR FREE.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

There is no reason why any woman should not possess masses of waving tresses. Men, too, will find they can add to their smart appearance by following "Harlene Hair-Drill."

The Gift parcel comprises :—

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**

Does your hair fall out when you comb and brush it in the morning? If so, this is a sign of hair weakness that can be overcome by a two-minutes-a-day Healthy Hair Exercise.

FREE TO ALL 1,000,000 HARLENE HAIR DRILL OUTFITS

You may possess a healthy head of hair, abundant, bright, beautiful, if you adopt the popular remedy for all hair weakness. Test "Harlene Hair Drill" Free (see coupon).

3. **A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of brightness to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.**

The effect of "Harlene" on the hair gives to the face a refined beauty and distinction that would be altogether impossible with weak or artificially made-up hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle.

"Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1s. per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct, from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world (Foreign stamps accepted).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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JOHN BULL, 2.6.17.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page iii of cover.

Road Signs Interpreted—No. 3.
An Auto. Assn. & Motor Union Sign, erected in places where the L.G.B. Triangle has not been considered necessary.

— Palmers give cycling-confidence

The tread gives a sure grip, preventing side-slip at awkward moments; and the Palmer Fabric Foundation transmits utmost energy from pedal to road. Three of the several grades:—

	Wired.	*Beaded.*	*Tubes.*
STANDARD	11/-	11/3	5/-
SPECIAL	17/-	17/3	7/9
Buccaneer	7/6	7/9	3/9

THE PALMER TYRE, LTD., 119/123, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.; Cycle Tyre and Repair Depot, 103, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

PALMER CYCLE TYRES

C3 *Send a P.C. for Map Book.*

A CLOSE SHAVE

IN whatever circumstances, you are always sure of a cool, close shave by using McClinton's Shaving Cream.

Just take a little piece of cream on your finger and spread it over the chin, then lather up with a brush dipped in hot or cold water and you will find this superlatively rich penetrating lather immediately softens even the most stubborn beard and renders your shave a sheer delight. Made from vegetable oils and plant ash, McClinton's Shaving Cream does not contain anything which can sting or harm the most sensitive skin.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Cream
In Tubes. 6d. & 1s. Opal Pots 1s.

McClinton's Shaving Soap is also obtainable in Sticks. Hibernia 1/-, and Exquisite 6d. each.

McCLINTON'S LTD. (Dept. A.G. 8), Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone, Ireland.

Close Shaves—No. 1.

The Importance of Quality

STORED in every bottle of Hall's Wine is just that strong reserve of energy and vigour which everyone must be able to draw upon in order to keep fit and well.

Owing to the War, the active tonic principles in Hall's Wine are costing much more than in pre-war days. The quality of Hall's Wine, always supreme, will remain supreme, but it is absolutely necessary to raise the price.

A patient writes: "I am taking Hall's Wine after collapse occasioned by the past severe winter. Have always derived much benefit from it."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle to day. If after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we will refund outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6. Smaller Size, 2/9.

Of Wine Merchants, licensed Grocers, &c.

Propns., STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LIMITED, Bow, London.
713

"TIZ" CURED MY SORE, TIRED FEET

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just Try TIZ."

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ.

TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, hard skin, or bunions.

The boys at the Front appreciate TIZ.

Get a 1s. 1½d. box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1s. 1½d. Think of it!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. ARTHUR MEE.

Good mornin', sir.... Eh? Wot? *Don't lean over you and breathe beer fumes in yore face?* I think you're 'ighly rood, sir. It's true I've jest 'ad a glarss of beer—sich as it is, nowadays—but you must 'ave a nose like a sensitive plarnt if you can niff it. I could 'ardly smell it meself w'en I 'ad me nose in the frorth, it was that weak. . . . Eh? I beg yores? *You refuse to be shaved by a barber wot drinks beer?* Fancy that, now, I don't think it matters, 'cos I've gotter conscientious objection to shavin' 'umbugs wot don't. You can bung orf as sharp as you like, sir. I don't want no animated waterworks on my premises. . . *Do I know 'oo I'm torkin' to?* Carn't say as I do. . . Eh? *You're Mee?* 'Ow kin you be me? You must be barmy. You've got water on the brain, rain in yore roof, or suthink. . . . *Mr. Arthur Mee?* Oh, *that's* 'oo you are, is it? Then I'm glad you've called. I was readin' yore funny book, "The Fiddlers: Drink in the Witness Box," the other day, and I larfed so much I 'ad to 'ave a extra 'arf-pint. That yarn o' yores about the drink trade 'avin' destroyed durin' the wore as much grub as would make two pyramids, both bigger than the Great Pyramid of Egypt, is a snorter. But it's better to turn barley into good beer than to build pyramids with it, ain't it? . . . Oh, *I think with a beery mind,* do I? I 'ope I do, sir. After all, the British Empire was built up by men wot drank beer, wasn't it? We're the biggest thing wot the world's ever seen, so far, ain't we? And we've done it on beer, and we'll go on a-doin' of it on beer, take it from me—*not* from Mee. You quote Mr. Gibb's remark that "absinthe in France was banned," and leave your more ignorant readers under the impression that the French 'ave turned teetotal. But they ain't. Wot about the wine ration wot the French troops 'ave? Wot about the beer wot's still sold in the estaminets? It's on'y absinthe wot's bin ferbidden, becos it's bad liquor to work an' fight on. But that ain't no reason w'y we should bar beer in England. It's the on'y satisfyin' drink fur 'ard work, an' the British workman is intitled to 'is drop. You an' Mee won't stop it, take it from me. Oh, don't tork to me about neat water. I 'ave me 'ands in it orl day. It's orl right for washin', or drowndin' yerself in, but it ain't wotcherma call a drink. *Afraid you won't convert me?* You won't — no more than you will Chesterton! . . . Toodle-oo!

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I have always found you a man that stands up for the truth, and as I have been told by others that it is not always wise to stand and speak the truth, I should be much obliged if you could help me by giving your opinion."

"Kindly urge the wife to write to me or some other girl this week, because after then I am determined to remain a bachelor the rest of my life if I should not receive a letter, as I am going to put a speedy end to all this humbugging about. Saturday will be final."

"Split one of the Allied armies up into six army corps and a main army. The corps, crossing and re-crossing one another, yet make for the one object, each going in different directions. The main object of the plan is not only to act as a screen for the main army, but also is and will be the most perfect method of cutting off thousands of troops—each allied army changing over and vice versa. The war would then easily be over in a month."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL":—
"The National War Savings Committee is issuing a two-penny cookery book, giving a host of simple REMEDIES for ECONOMICAL DISHES."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—
"He used A THOUSAND CARTRIDGES, and accounted for from 7,000 TO 8,000 GERMANS."

"CORK EXAMINER":—
"DR. Robertson . . . has issued a warning to the people of the Dominion stating that there will not be enough food to supply everyone unless the RICH CEASE EATING such products as are ONLY AVAILABLE TO THE POOR."

"MONTROSE, ARBROATH, AND BRECHIN REVIEW":—
"The British steamer Kildale . . . was torpedoed . . . Three WOMEN TORPEDOES were fired, BOTH of which struck the ship."

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS":—
"I have seen a little frock of blue taffetas made like new by a process of WISHING."

"ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS" (advertisement:—
"BROODY HENS, good, WANTED FOR SEED POTATOES."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST":—
"TO-MORROW'S Dinner for four . . . wash herrings and SOAK 48 HOURS."

Do YOU Suffer from
INDIGESTION or CONSTIPATION

The only sure way to be free from headaches, biliousness, acidity, flatulence, Indigestion, Constipation, etc., is by practising my simple physical exercises, and taking Dr. Young Tablets which quickly and thoroughly cleanse the entire system; and as the system is strengthened by the exercises, the dose can gradually be diminished. Even if you do not wish to perform the exercises, the Dr. Young Tablets alone will work wonders.
Get the full value of your food, become clear-skinned, bright-eyed, fresh and fit again.
Send 6d. for copy of "My System," and a sample box of Dr. Young Tablets will be included free by the Dr. Young Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 12), Sun Buildings, Leeds.
DR. YOUNG'S TABLETS

GET YOURS TO-DAY
Send *your* address on a postcard NOW, and get your copy of H. SAMUEL'S big
FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS
In Jewellery, Watches, Plate, &c. Amazing value and FREE PRIZES for all buyers.
Send a postcard NOW!
LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH.
Fine jewelled movement, fully warranted. Handsome Nickel Silver Case. 17/6
H. SAMUEL, 199 MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.
[H. SAMUEL, LTD.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE

BAD LEG
GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT
and PILLS are a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Wounds, Ulcers, Bunions, Piles, Carbuncles and will save lancing or cutting.
Refuse substitutes.
1/3 & 3/- per box of Boots' Stores and Chemists
Send 2 Stamps for Sample.
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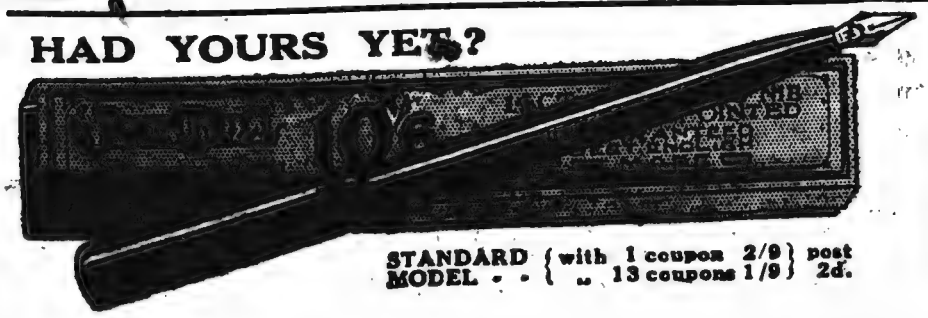
FLORENTINE LINO
SAVES WORK IN THE HOME
This Beautiful Floor Covering Free pattern
CATESBYS LTD LONDON W

HAD YOURS YET?



STANDARD MODEL { with 1 coupon 2/9 / " 13 coupons 1/9 } post 2d.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.
By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(June 2, 1917.)
P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull," Ltd. and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Forgotten at Whitehall.

At Newbridge, co. Kildare, is a squadron of Glasgow Yeomanry, all A1 men, who joined in August and September, 1914. They are over-trained and going stale, and are roaring to be sent to the front, having come to the conclusion that the War Office has forgotten their existence.

A Case for the Police.

A few days ago the men of a battalion were lined up for medical inspection in a Southern camp, every one stark naked, in full view of the public. Had they been civilians, the local police force would have snaffled them, for subsequent appearance before the Magistrate.

The Salute Nuisance.

About fifty cripples, stationed in the Command Depot, Knowsley Park, Prescot, were hobbling along the other day, mostly on sticks, when a motor car, travelling at about 30 miles an hour, passed. The driver was sitting low behind the wheel and only his cap could be seen by the men. Some of the cripples in front spotted that the driver was an officer, and saluted, but the last four men, being small chaps, could not make him out. He pulled up his car, took their names, and reported them. The victims were brought up before the Colonel and given 14 days c.b. We agree with the poor fellows that, in the circumstances, they suffered a grave injustice.. If officers want to be respected, this is not the way to secure that desirable end.

A Pertinent Question.

On behalf of the four or five million soldiers who are serving, we are asked why, when the men are granted only about half their rations, they are not given money in lieu of the remainder. We confess that it is beyond us. The soldier's food is a portion of his pay, and if it is filched from him the authorities should provide in cash the equivalent of the shortage. The other day the men of a London battalion at Blackdown Camp had eaten their "Oliver Twist" dinner, and refused to leave the dining room until they got more food. Somebody saw that if the rations were not forthcoming there would be something that is called by an ugly name in the Army, and wisely took steps to prevent the impasse.

Undeserved Criticism.

We are heartily with those who wish to have departmental corps combed; but on behalf of an over-worked and already several-times-thinned-out department we protest against the attack upon the Army Pay Corps recently made in one of the newspapers. It is one of the most efficient departments in the Army; the comb was pulled through it quite recently, and it harbours few, if any, men fit for active service. As a matter of fact, on each occasion the weeding out process has thrown the work of the Corps into a state of chaos, with regrettable results for the dependents of our soldiers. The Army Pay Corps is now highly efficient, and it would be a pity were it not permitted to remain so.

Who is Responsible?

The Grand Hotel at Cromer contains over a hundred bedrooms. At the present moment it is used as a detention barracks, and is usually occupied by about ten prisoners, who cannot stop there more than fourteen days at a time. Is there anybody at the War Office who will visit the building and recommend that it be turned into a convalescent home for officers and men? Surely there must be a less pretentious and commodious place which would be adequate.

Jack's Yarn.

Sir Edward Carson was very frank the other day at lunch, when he stated that his son's submarine had been attacked by some of our destroyers. Of course, Sir Edward has a licence that is not extended to newspapers; but he might have gone further and told us what was done to the destroyer officers who tried to "do" the friendly little craft. The submarine service is a creepy enough business, but it will be made more so if our undersea sailors get it into their heads that they may be potted at by our own ships as soon as they show their periscopes.

Mine-Sweepers' Money.

We were successful some time ago in obtaining their rights for the mine-sweepers of Grimsby. We would now ask the Admiralty to look into the case of the men at the Lowestoft base, who do not appear to have been paid their mine money. At Harwich such awards are handed over regularly each month, and we cannot make out why the same reasonable system should not be adopted at all the bases.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

T. G. (Hull)—If a man receives wounds or contracts disease at the Front, resulting in his being permanently bedridden, his pension is 27s. 6d. a week.

B. D. D. (Croydon).—The amount you receive will depend upon the degree of loss in earning power.

"TONGUELESS" (Bath).—The private's pension for total loss of speech is 22s.

MRS. C. J. (Hartlepool)—I sent your case to Chelsea, and understand that it has been dealt with to your satisfaction.

H. R. (Plymouth).—If a man suffers from total deafness contracted during active service, he is entitled to 19s. 3d. weekly.

J. M. H. (Walworth).—For total loss of sight the weekly pension for a Class 4 Non-commissioned Officer is 30s. a week.

MRS. L. J. E. (Bray).—I have forwarded the matter to the Pensions Minister, and it will get immediate attention. Send your contemplated change of address to me, in case I want to write to you.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Keeping the Wolf at Bay.

A man came out of the Service on a small pension, on which to keep a wife and eight children. He took to his old business—a one-man shop, bringing in a miserable pittance—until recently, when he became ill. The family were in dire distress, and were in danger of a County Court execution until the ex-soldier placed his case before us.

The Plight of the Pensioned.

Another ex-private was discharged some months ago on a pension of 4s. 8d. a week. For over three weeks he was ill and, consequently, out of work. He and his wife and child were, like the family mentioned above, in distress—but we came to the rescue.

"Training" and Tragedy.

Yet another man discharged from the Service, broken down during training, with no pension. He is unable to take employment, and came to us with a doctor's certificate—on which we acted.

Jack's Widow.

A bluejacket met his death accidentally, leaving his widow with three children and no pension. A kindly neighbour came to her assistance and placed the case in our hands. The poor woman's mind is now more at rest.

Too Much "Open-Air."

Another soldier was turned out on a microscopic pension. Becoming ill, he went into hospital. While there, his wife died and had a pauper's funeral. The poor fellow is suffering from consumption, and has been ordered six months' open-air treatment. When he came to us he was destitute and had slept outdoors for two nights without food—"open-air treatment" indeed, but not of the proper kind. He was officially informed that he would receive money from Chelsea early in June, but we gave him some cash ahead of the date.

A Call for Help.

A soldier's wife has three children, and receives the usual scanty allowance. The unfortunate woman became ill, and had to call for outside help to look after the youngsters. She came to us before she was fully recovered, and naturally we helped her.

Willing, but Weak.

An ex-service man gave two sons to the Army, and both were killed. He sold his property and joined up to get revenge, giving a false age for the purpose. While training at home, he broke down and was discharged without a pension. Until he came to Long Acre he was in bad plight, but we saw to it that the old hero was made comfortable.

A Jutland Jack.

One of the victors in the Jutland Battle—an old salt, who answered the call at the outbreak of war—has, in consequence of exposure to the North Sea weather, now been laid upon the shelf. He is married, with five children—three of whom are down with that very prevalent infantile disease, measles. The resources of the little household were taxed to breaking point when we heard of the situation.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

E. T. (Balham), 2s. 6d.; C. E. M., 1s.; H. B. (France), 1s.; A. J., 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," (Derby), 2s.; "Lyo," 10s.; C. B. (Gerrards Cross), 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "A Lover of Dogs," 2s. 6d.; H. W. H., 5s.; Mrs. C. (Grimsby), 1s.; H. W. G. (Gosport), 1s.; T. A., 4d.; E. A. J. (Hongkong), 1s. 6d.; F. M., 4d.; Mrs. N. H. J. (Crewkerne), 5s.; "Raymond," 1s.; G. E. (Arbroath), 5s.; Anon., 10s.; G. K., 6d.; F. J. E., 6d.; E. D., 2s. 6d.; L. H. (Larne), 6d.; "Seaman," 1s.; R. A. D. (Hasslemere), 1s.; Miss G., 1s.; M. S. (Leicester), 6d.; Pte. W. C. H., 2s. 9d.; Mrs. F. (Essex), 1s.; "Parkhurst," £14 7s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, £1 0s. 8d.; A. F. (France), 2s. 10d.; A. M. (Sheffield), 1s.; F. E. D., 5s.; H. A. P. A., 2s. 6d.; B. L. (Teignmouth), £1; W. E. (Hove), £1; W. N. S. (Brechin), 2s. 6d.; "Thirza," £1; E. K. (Bury St. Edmunds), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. M. D. (Bath), £1; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; W. D. (Cinderford), 6d.; M. C. (Easingwold), 2s.; J. M. E. (Brierfield), 2s. 6d.; "A New Cross-ite," 4s.; J. E. C. (Oxford), 1s.; H. Y. (Northampton), 2s. 6d.; E. G. (Waltham), 2s. 3d.; "A Devonian," 5s.; "31159 S.S.," 1s.; "An Anzac Stretcher-Bearer," £1; "Ena," (Cardiff), 1s.; Mrs. A. N. (Deal), 1s.; R. G. (Newcastle), 1s.; "Greenock," 1s.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Coalie," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; Weekly Collec- C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 12s.; "A Mite," 2s. 6d.; "Elaitch," 5s.; "Scottie," 2s.; Contents of Swear Box in No. 14 I.B.D., 4s.; F. E. P., 5s.; M. G., 5s.; V. S. C., £5; Anon. (Ashford), 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; S. M. K., 2s.; "K," 1s.; G. I. (Lavender Hill), 4s.; Contributed by 8 Drivers, F.M.S. Bys., Kuala Lumpur, £3 10s. 8d.

"What d'ye lack?"

To obtain booklets, etc., fill in and post the INFORMATION COUPON be'ow

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, posting it to—

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6d Send to-day to **The Domigo Co., 168, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.**, enclosing 6 penny stamps, and a trial treatment, with treatise, will be sent you post free by return.

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The BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY
gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.
Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

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followed by small monthly subscriptions you can receive carriage paid the seven sumptuous volumes now ready of the
War Illustrated Album de-Luxe,
the supreme pictorial record of the war
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The Educational Book Co., Ltd., 17, New Bridge St., London, E.C. 4.

2. **5,000**
British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. **RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.**
Why suffer! Do your pains shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to recurring catching pains? If so you should take Curicones, they cure
NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO RHEUMATISM and GOUT.
Send at once for a free trial package and an interesting book, they cost you nothing—give name, address and ailment.
STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD. (W1), 19-21, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4 London.

4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**
OF GUARANTESTED QUALITY.
LISTS FREE.
BEES LTD.,
175x. MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

5. **"Free Hints about your Baby."**
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
"GLAXO,"
155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.**
Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dep. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**
The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**
(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.
FREE Publications.
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(8b) **"Omne Tempus Raincoats."** (*For All.*)
(8c) **"The Seven Ages of Boyhood."** (*For Juveniles.*)
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

9. ***Shorthand***
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS., DEPT. 32, RAMSGATE.

10. **"SWAN" PENS**

11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**
If you want to earn more—to 'get on' in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11G Mech. Engineering
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11C Advertising. 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
11D Motor Engrng. 11K Wireless Telgrphy.
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I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

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BEAUTIFUL MAGAZINE.
Bright, helpful, interesting, and amusing. Just fits the pocket.
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

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Address to: Dept. I.C., "JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____ Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

* Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

Name _____
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THE SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia, Cork-Tipped, Ovals.
1/3 for 20
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Of Drapers, Hosiers, Ladies' & Men's Outfitters everywhere. In case of difficulty write to
WOODING & TEASDALE, Church Gate, Leicester.

New "Olympic" Brand. *The manufacturers have introduced temporarily lower lines containing a percentage of cotton—bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines. Your dealer will supply you.*

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GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Linoleum, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.
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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page iii of cover.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH
EAR NOISES, & ASTHMA.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran Inventor, who did so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, has left a legacy that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis. In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation, he published a most interesting little book, which will be given away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else had failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK.

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy, and also further particulars, will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, John Morgan Richards & Sons, Ld. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn-viaduct, London, E.C.1.—(ADVT.)

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.

Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargains. — **PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c.** The cream of the Coventry makes from **£5** cash (*Maker's price £10 10s.*) Easy payments to suit your own pockets. Ten days' approval. Money saving lists and expert advice free from **GEORGE KING, Ltd.**, The Great Cycle Dealer, **COVENTRY.**

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FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a large trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful skin discovery, D.D.D. Prescription, which is a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives **INSTANT RELIEF** in all cases of Eczema, Bad Leg, Ringworm, and all Skin Diseases. It cures quickly, completely, as it kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send to-day for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Remember this offer is limited. Enclose 3 penny stamps for postage.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES.
M.N. 2, Wine Office Court, London, E.C. 4

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Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to House **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.
Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH
TINS, 3d., 6d., 1/-

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"ST. KITTS" (Ontario).—The Church we belong to is the Church of Man.

F. R. (Kennington Road, S.E.) and MANY OTHERS.—Proposals for the solution of the submarine problem should be sent direct to the Inventions Board, Victory House, Cockspur Street, S.W. Previous application to our office is quite unnecessary.

R. C. (South Shields).—There will be trouble in the land if Lord Devonport does not make haste to fix moderate maximum prices for all foodstuffs, and thereby stop the vampire tradesmen bleeding the workers white.

"AN OFFICER" (Somewhere in France).—Your letter on spies influencing strikes is too long, but here is your best point:—"If you at home are slack, we shan't give in out here, even if we have to fight the Huns with our fists—but you'll have no sons to return to you!"

J. H. S. (Govan).—Why should not the dying English soldier kiss the Union Jack, with the words "England, my England" on his lips? Would you have had him say "Great Britain and Ireland, and all the British possessions beyond the seas—my Great Britain and Ireland," etc.? One might almost think that some of you stay-at-home Scotsmen would rob the Englishman of his natural sentiment for his native land.

"A BROAD-MINDED TOMMY" (Muswell Hill).—If you will only let your mind broaden out just a wee bit more you will understand that it is natural for mere civilians to make a fuss over spectacular acts of bravery which to your war-worn veterans might appear trivial and all in the day's work. Nevertheless, hero worship is no bad thing, although it often makes invidious selections.

"ONE IN DISTRESS."—"Please tell me what to do. Being run down I was ordered to try ——, and now I have an enormous appetite, and Devonport says we must eat less." Get run down again, or run over, as soon as you can.

R. C. L.—We have no objection to the Government sending our Hun prisoners to St. Helena—or to Hell, for that matter. In the latter alternative, it will only be a little before their time.

MRS. M. C. (Sandgate).—Your thoughtful letter, as a Churchwoman, on the Archbishop of Canterbury, should be sent to him. Regarding his plea, "Forgive our enemies," you say, "Does Germany want to be forgiven? No. And the condition for forgiveness is repentance."

"A READER" (Lewisham).—Quite right. Some of the profiteering tradespeople *are* getting a bit above themselves of late. Thousands of them will be cutting a dash—and the roads up—with two-seaters as soon as the war is over, thanks to exorbitant profits squeezed from the pockets of the poor.

W. H. H. (London, W.C.).—"Is it fair that my two sons should be in the trenches at about 8d. *a day*, and that a damned cowardly, long-haired (greasy), goggle-eyed conscientious objector should get that amount an *hour*, with good bed, clothes and food?" Well, it can't be on account of his appearance.

G. H. P.—"I dreamed the war will end on October 7th, 1917, and you can stake your shirt on it." You have been through Festubert and Thiepval, so we respect you. But our shirt will be employed only in the usual manner.

W. N. (Golborne).—Preaching at Lowton, the Rev. W. Watson said: "I don't know if you read JOHN BULL. I do. The Editor writes some good sermons." And evidently Mr. Watson preaches some.

"A JEWISH PRIVATE" (Manchester).—"What chance will the boys have after the war to get back their old jobs?" Every chance. We pity the firm that denies them. The Blue and Khaki League will see to *that*.

A. K. (Canonbury).—"To place men who volunteer for National Service, why not publish a list of men (and occupations) available, for employers to engage them?" Much too simple, your plan. Put the names in a book and shut it. That's the official way.

"AN OLD SOLDIER" (Welling).—The military age limt has now been raised to 50, so what are you grousing about?

"AN ADMIRER" (Leicester).—"Talking to the children at my school, I asked, 'What man has come forward most prominently since the war started?' And a little girl of 11 replied, '——.'" But there, our readers would never guess it.

W. B. (Ilford).—The evasion by the Co-operative Societies of the payment of Income Tax is not playing the game. We have insisted, in season and out of season ("All seasons, please!") that they should be compelled to disgorge.

M.A.P. (Birmingham).—"I am going to jail on Tuesday. I do not know what it is for, but the change will be a rest for me." Some philosopher!

J. J. (Eccles).—Your abuse of Lloyd George is as stupid as it is illiterate. Are you one of the "Idle Rich," whose cause you seem eager to champion?

W. P. B. (Putney).—Glad you stand up for the lady 'bus conductor. She has to stand up for the public a good many hours during the day and night, and consequently deserves a front seat in our regard.

A. B. (Penistone).—A murrain on the Penistone farmer who would not lend his drill to a neighbour to sow corn on a Sunday. How God must smile at such petty manœuvres to curry favour with Him!

PTE. W. P. (Exford).—The Exford lady who desires to see Tommy deprived of his tobacco was probably smitten with that great and noble thought when sipping her fourth cup of afternoon tea in the amiable society of her cat. But don't worry. The Wild Woodbine will continue to blossom in the trenches.

"DOUBTFUL" (Stratford).—"I am told the Port of London Authority came under Government Control on May 8th." The P. L. A. ought to have been under control long, long ago.

M. E. S. (Glasgow).—Dress fasteners, "made in Germany," still on sale in Glasgow at 4½d. per doz. Pre-war price was 1½d. If they are old stock, why charge war prices?

H. L.—"Vinegar barrels sent to neutrals often contain smaller barrels, filled with foodstuff for Germany." Things are in a pretty pickle, aren't they?

"NEMO" (Grays).—Having heard aeroplane mechanics openly discussing, in an eating house, secret improvements, you think such "gramophone men" should take off the "official secrets record" when in public.

W. W. J. (Salisbury Plain).—Why should the village smithy of Figheldean, near Amesbury, have been the subject of Longfellow's poem, "The Village Blacksmith"? Longfellow was an American. How should he have known that Figheldean's blacksmith "looked the whole world in the face, And owed not any man"?

"FOR THE DURATION ONLY" (East Coast.)—We think it scarcely necessary to print your letter. The general public have long been aware of the terrible risks run by the officers and crew who man our mine-sweepers. It is only the Government that has been tardy in acknowledging their gallantry.

S. S. (Peterborough).—"I should like you to find out for me if I was the man as suggested the National Health Insurance. . . . . It is a secret between me and my wife." Far be it from us to poke our nose into family secrets.

"FIT" (Loughborough).—"There are really some peculiar touches in connection with medical examination." Quite right. One we know of is on the *embonpoint*.

J. E. J. (Hoxton).—"From Reed's 'Seamanship': Examination Question:—'Where would you stow valuable goods?—Near Officers' berths, and away from the crew.'" It sounds rude, but perhaps it is meant to give the officers a chance.

H. L. (Sidcup).—"Bullets" is the oldest competition now running—and the best.

MRS. D. (Tunbridge Wells).—"My soldier son stayed at a Y.M.C.A. in London, and someone stole his purse, money, pass, cigs., and everything from his pockets in the night. What punishment does the thief deserve?" Something unmentionable in print.

E. V. P. (Matlock Bath).—Sorry to have to hurt your *amour propre*, but persons who fling flatulent war poems at us must put up with the consequences.

PTE. E. C. B. (Liverpool).—"Is the clock of the Royal Liver Buildings, Liverpool, bigger than 'Big Ben'?" It may appear so when you are suffering from domes of silence on the liver.

"DORIS" (Carshalton).—Yes, a licence is necessary when anybody has a revolver. But, Doris dear, what doeth thou with a shooting iron? Curling irons are more your style, surely.

L. G. (Sevenoaks).—Somebody must love Vibert down your way. We notice he gets all the soft jobs.

MRS. M. T. (Kensington).—"Can you help me to hear news of my cat, missing since we moved from Chiswick?" Guess he has returned to his wife.

"A YATE GIRL."—So they were not Yate Girls that petted German prisoners, but some "from a village near." Do tell their pas or mas (or both) to spank 'em.

S. W. B. (Admiralty).—If we will accuse 30 (or 50) persons of robbing the Admiralty, you will "buy 20 extra copies after publication." Send us facts, properly confirmed, and then you may keep your 1s. 8d.

"SUEZ" (Oldham).—Have no personal acquaintance with the domesticities of the Turk. All we know about them is that he is like the man who steps on a bit of orange peel; he sits down without a chair.

BOMB. D. R. (E. E. F.).—Snapshot of Tommy reading this journal in the Egyptian Desert is very *pictureskew*. Helped him to keep cool, doubtless.

"ONE WHO HAS DONE HIS BIT" (Slough).—Seems to us that strong young men running about a milk factory ought to be running about in France. A foreman should not be backward.

P. M. (Camberley).—Never mind. "A woman's sure to have her way, But when she's gone we miss her; So if you've been estranged all day, Why—call her back and kiss her."

"A DISGUSTED ALIEN" (Leeds).—"What service has Bodkin done the Country for his knighthood?" Well, he appears to have disgusted an alien, if that can be called a public service.

E. V. (Wylam-on-Tyne).—As far as we have been able to ascertain, there is no fixed method in the madness of the Uncontrolled Liquor Board, of which Herr Philip von Snowdenstein is a leading member.

A. L. P. (Shoreditch).—*Allez!* This isn't a gardening treatise, but you can take our word that you may dig out fewer potatoes than you dig in.

"DISGUSTED" (Islington).—Can't tell you why women don't swear as much as men. Ever hear 'em when the week's washing blows down?

C. H. (Clapham).—Try again with a JOHN BULL Pen, and then no doubt we shall be able to read what you write.

R. P., H. H., E. B. (Strood).—You three little maids from school should have no difficulty in satisfying your patriotic desire to work on a farm, since you are 14 years of age. You should apply to one of the countless women's societies to put you in the way of it.

MRS. E. E. D. (Swanley).—The public most decidedly should support wives who keep the shop going after hubby has volunteered.

T. W. W. (late Q.M.S.).—Torquay's appreciation of the London Regiment is reciprocated. "There is nothing too good can be said of Torquay folk; the London Boys say, 'God bless and prosper them!'"

"AN OLD SOLDIER."—"Farmers in South Lincolnshire complain about men taken from the land, but what gives them the hump is to pay more than 2s. a day." Thou hast hit the mark.

MISS R. (Cleckheaton).—You ought to have your hand slapped.

H. M. G. (Prestwich).—"Lift your mighty pen." You will be glad to know that at the moment it is gracefully poised in mid-air.

C. A. (Birmingham).—"I have heard you have a fierce W. P. B. under your table, hungry for poetry. Don't let him swallow my verses." They were more than we could swallow, so he obliged as usual. He is not well now.

T. M. B. (Leeds).—Do have mercy on our eyesight. You are not at the Front but at the back, and there is no excuse for your not writing in ink.

"OLD CHEF" (Camberwell).—Evidently you were a little wide of the mark in saying that the surgeons who operated on you ought to be charged with manslaughter. Not only are you still alive, but kicking.

E. B. (Liverpool).—Thanks for your essay on bacon. We certainly "see fit" to publish your observations, but unfortunately we don't see room.

"DESPERATE" (Southampton).—You remind us of the man who paid somebody half-a-crown to hold his shadow while he climbed a tree to look into the middle of next week.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.
HEAD OFFICE:
5, THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C. 2.
Subscribed Capital - £22,947,804
Paid-up Capital - - £4,780,792
Reserve Fund - - £4,000,000
Over 1,000 Branches in England and Wales.

The Name PHILLIPS on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of QUALITY
PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD., 142 OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

Children are Healthier and Happier——
where LI-NOLA is the floor covering—because LI-NOLA is not a dust or dirt collector.
Consequently, your child has a purer and more beautifying atmosphere because of this. And as LI-NOLA is made of reliable cork and other suitable ingredients, it is warm and damp-proof. It is attractive, too. The glowing colours of Oriental designs, and the refined patterns—harmonies of Western art ideas—await your choice. Patterns in Colour and full details of our Credit Account System Free if you ask for Li-nola pattern set No. 19.

RICH RUGS Rich Rugs—suitable to go with our Li-no'a and Cork Lino—beautiful in pattern and low in cost. Coloured designs and prices post free.

CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept. 19), LONDON, W. 1.

INDIGESTION
is often due to the fact that the bowels are not properly performing their duty. You can be assured of a good digestion, a clear skin, and a great improvement in the general health if you take
Chocoloids Regd.
The Cure for Constipation.
A safe and reliable remedy for all cases—occasional or chronic. Effective yet not drastic.
Price 2/6 per box of 60 Tablets
Sample Box 1/3, of all Chemists, or Post free from the Makers.
The Chocolold Co., Dept. J., Stirchley, Laboratories, Birmingham.

PYLITNA
Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by an external remedy. "PYLITNA POWDERS" taken in a little warm milk or water, are a genuine effective cure. Of Chemists and Stores at 3s. per box, or post free.
"PYLITNA," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. 1.

HAVE YOU TRIED "BULLETS"?

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

Closing Date, Thursday, June 7th.

No.

Example .....
Bullet

Example .....
Bullet

(240) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d, must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 240, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 7th.

No.

Example .....
Bullet

Example .....
Bullet

(240) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

Closing Date, Thursday, June 7th.

No.

Example .....
Bullet

Example .....
Bullet

(240) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 241. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 14th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **241** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 241,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 241.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR
OUT FOR A BLOW
IRISH STEW
HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED
FATHER'S WISH
TRYING TO SETTLE
BEYOND CONTROL
THE BULLDOG BREED
FAVOURITE DRINK
PAYING JOB
MOST AMUSING WHEN
PERHAPS
A FAIR COP
SOLD OUT
WORKING IN SHIFTS
SAUSAGE MEAT
GOING TOO FAR
REMAINS BEHIND
GETTING OLD
THE KAISER CAN'T

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No 240:

WHAT BRITAIN WANTS
STRIKING HARD
ON THE SPREE
WELCOMED BACK
GOING CLEAN THROUGH
COOL CHEEK
ON THE RAKE
LATE ARRIVAL
NEVER TAKES REST
MY WIFE THINKS
BRITISH BOYS
THE TURNING POINT
GERMAN PLEDGES
SAYING GOOD-BYE
I DON'T THINK
REMAINS BEHIND
NOT MUCH APPRECIATED
RETIRING DISPOSITION
HER NIGHT OUT
WELL OILED
TAKES THE CAKE
ITCHING TO FIGHT
NEW DIGGINGS
PUSHING YOUNG MAN
MOST DELIGHTFUL
ENDS IN SMOKE
WHEN IN NEED
WASTING BREAD
CATCHING IT HOT
MAKES KAISER FEEL BAD

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE or FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—CATCHING IT HOT.
Bullet:—AFTER TAKING FRENCH LEAVE.

Example:—MOST DELIGHTFUL.
Bullet:—FLAPPERS THINK CHOCOLATES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 23rd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated June 2nd

Result of 237th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. RICHARD HAIGH,
82, Ivy Leigh, Tuebrook, Liverpool.
Example: COMING IN USEFUL.
Bullet:—LITTLE MORE SHIPPING "INTELLIGENCE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Mr. J. MUIR,
62, Lawrie Street, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire.
Example:—SUCCESSFUL MOVE.
Bullet:—ALL DEPENDS ON "DIRECTION."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. Wm. J. LEE,
11, St. Hildas Road, Hexham-on-Tyne.
Example:—THE KAISER EXPECTS
Bullet:—TO "WIN OVER" SOCIALISM.

(Continued on opposite page.)

Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 237.

(Continued from previous page.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. E. SMITH, 30, St. John's Road, Birkdale, Lancs: THE LATEST TAX—"SHOWS" THE CHANCELLOR'S RESOURCE.

Mr. A. GARLAND, 9, Claude Road, Cardiff: AMERICA'S START—SHE'S ACTED WISELY "CONSIDERING."

Mrs. E. SELWAY, 37, Albion Road, Eastbourne: SUCCESSFUL MOVE—SUBSTITUTING REPRISALS FOR "REPROVALS."

Mr. W. H. ABEL, Cattle Market Lodge, Mansfield, Notts: SUCCESSFUL MOVE—BANDAGE FROM BRITAIN'S EYES.

Mr. T. TURNBULL, Wheaf Sheaf Inn, Bridge St., Darlington: THE KAISER EXPECTS—TERMINATION BEFORE EXTERMINATION.

Mr. G. BROWN, 45, Sackville Road, Heaton, Newcastle: BREAKING UP—ACTOR CONTEMPLATING "POOR HOUSE"

Mr. M. SMITH, 73, Willowbrae Road, Edinburgh: THE BRITISH LION—"LICKS" MORE THAN "JAWS."

Mr. F. GAULTON, 76, St. Mark's Road, Salisbury: THE LATEST ATROCITY—THE GOVERNMENT "SLEEPS ON."

Dvr. G. TILSON, A.S.C., 187, Park Road, Ilkeston, Derbys.: SOMETHING WRONG WHEN—WILHELM "TOASTS" HIS SOLDIERS.

Mr G. L. TOLMIE, 55, Queen St., Withernsea, E. Yorks: COMING IN USEFUL—LUSITANIA AT PEACE CONFERENCE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. R. JAMES, Hairdresser, Haymarket, Tunstall, Staffs: SOMETHING WRONG WHEN—"NARROW" MINORITY RULES US.

Mr. THOMPSON-HOMER, 11, Mona Av., Wills St., Smethwick: BREAKING UP—FOR HOLIDAYS—USUALLY WEATHER. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. DAY, Queen Street, Gomersal, near Leeds: SELDOM FOUND OUT—PROFITS, TILL COMPENSATION'S DEMANDED.

Mr. M. WEBSTER, c.o. Smith & Co., Stafford St., Hunslet: SHY MISS—"BLAMED" IF I ENLIGHTEN.

Mr. E. ALDER, 78, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath: BREAKING UP—EVERYBODY'S HOME "SAVE" CUTHBERT'S.

Mr. F. A. SMITH, Alkerton, Eastington, Stonehouse, Glos.: SOMETHING WRONG WHEN—"SHARKS" GET LION'S SHARE.

Mr. G. CARSTAIRS, 9, Lansdowne Circus, Leamington: A FASHIONABLE HABIT—FORGIVING HUNS, FORGETTING HEROES.

Mr. L. DOUGHTON, 7, Hodgkinsons Road, E. Kirkby, Notts: FINAL HEAT—LOVERS IMAGINE EVERY QUARREL.

Mr. HARESCEUGH, 100, Stamford St., O.T., Manchester: GETTING FAT—CRANK'S IDEA OF RACEHORSES.

Mr. W. C. ROBINSON, 124, West View, Helmshore, nr. M'ch.: SOMETHING WRONG WHEN—HUMAN SKILL—HUMANS KILL.

Complete List of All Cash and Other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

£15 PAID.

Three readers — viz., Mr. GEO. R. WILCOX, 292a, Ashley Road, Upper Parkstone; Mr F. J. BUCKELL, 135, Romsey Road, Shirley; and Corpl. C. A. DEAKIN, Fowlmere Landing Ground, Royston, have sent us, respectively, copies of this journal dated and numbered as follows:—May 5th, A001,216; April 7th, 287,412, and May 12th, A318,116—for each of which a reward of £5 was offered — and cheques have accordingly been despatched.

THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

Acute Kidney Disease

Five Years' Sufferer Cured.

Mr. Parker.

Mr. John Parker, 13, Armanda Street, Roundhay Road, Leeds, says: "For five years I was a victim of kidney trouble. I had knife-like pains in my back, and to rise from a stooping position was like grinding the life out of me. Other troubles were severe headaches and sleeplessness. Even when I dozed off my sleep was disturbed by nightmare dreams. My appetite all went, and to add to my sufferings urinary trouble came on.

"I was always doctoring, but nothing did any lasting good until I started taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They cured me. The pain soon went away. I slept well, and steadily improved, till now my health is splendid. Though sixty years old, I feel as well as I did twenty years ago."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative Anti-Spasmodic, and the safest and most effective home treatment for:—

Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Indigestion**
Nerve Paralysis	**Anæmia**	**Stomach Disorder**
Spinal Weakness	**Kidney Disease**	**Mal-Nutrition**
Infantile Paralysis	**Premature Decay**	**Wasting Diseases**
Palpitation	**Brain Fag**	**Loss of Flesh**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE INFORMATION.—If you want to have further information relative to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, in your case, free of all charge, write to the Manager, Dept. C121 Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) **of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.**

The following have sent in correct claims:—

Miss KATHLEEN FIRTH, 2, Sykes Yard, Upper Edge, Elland. May 5th. A135,694.

C. W. JESSUP, No. 2 Bed, Isaac Ward, 129, St. John's Road, Upper Holloway. May 12th. 652,994

WILLIAM FAHY, 86, St. George's Road, Stoke, Coventry. May 5th. A228,474.

JOHN McRAE, 36, Holburn Road, Aberdeen. May 5th. 104,955.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 26th:—

034,305	325,546	652,677	906,348	A259,105
082,148	341,167	665,465	955,484	A284,212
087,660	366,815	681,159	972,746	A296,414
100,053	387,017	719,865	A005,318	A347,360
126,241	442,331	728,088	A056,453	A388,247
159,416	490,647	784,739	A098,082	A400,567
185,770	537,918	823,296	A110,797	A425,158
199,136	568,712	836,528	A137,118	A464,250
263,107	597,078	875,644	A169,783	A479,498
278,960	603,766	882,426	A246,412	A538,131

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 6th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for May 26, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 506,722 and A007,418. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an insurance against ZEPPELIN or other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may, however obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged, whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop, or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

June 2nd, 1917.....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day (Strike out one of these.)
June 2nd, 1917

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....

Newsagent, of.....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme. ..... OR .....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

Like most people you have probably been content to accept any Boot Laces that were offered you.

And so you have experienced the annoyance of having to continually replace your laces. The next time you are buying ask for

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

These will not only give you long service, but will enhance the appearance of your boots. They keep their shape and their appearance, for the dyes are fast, and the knot will not come untied. You cannot realise what a difference there is between Paton Laces and the ordinary kind until you have tried them.

The Tags cannot come off.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gent's wear 2d. & 3d. per pair
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. 3d. "
Leather Laces do. 4d. & 6d. "

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

H58 **Wm. PATON LTD., Johnstone, Scotland.**

Here's Health for Everyone!

And at a price within everyone's reach. Start the Kkovah habit at once—a teaspoonful in water in the morning when you get up. It will clear the system of all poisons and impurities and make every minute worth living.

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.

It is a deliciously refreshing saline with mildly aperient properties—just what every child and grown-up needs.

Don't just think about it. Start the Kkovah habit to-morrow morning.

In 6d. and 2/1 tins of Grocers, Stores, and all Boots' Branches.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., Manchester.

MEMO: Don't forget to put a tin in the next parcel you send to the front. K1 Φ

How to make your OLD Clothes like NEW

Send your clothes to us to be renovated by our special Tailor Cleaning Process.

Whatever their condition, we are able to make them like new. We clean, do all minor repairs, reshape and press in the best West End style for **3/9** (plus 20 per cent. war increase), per suit or overcoat.

BRITISH

32 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

'Phone: North 2882 and 2883. On receipt of Postcard we will collect and deliver from anywhere within 10 miles Charing Cross. Beyond, use parcel post, and we will post back Free.

The British Tailoring & Repairing Co.,
34-40, Great College Street, London, N.W.

Makes Delicious Baked Custard without Eggs

2d. PER PKT.

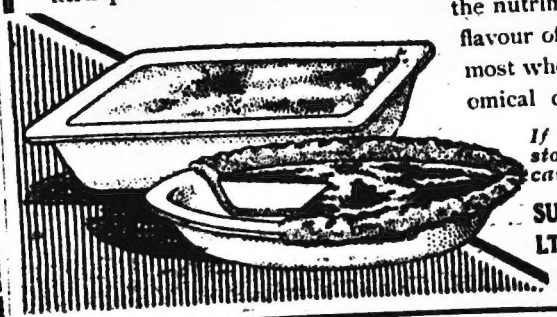
Just what you want for dinner to-morrow—delicious custard pudding or baked custard. Easy to bake and economical, too, as no eggs are needed.

Laitova Custard Pudding

CONTAINS REAL EGGS.

is not merely a substitute for eggs.

It contains the whole eggs—yolks and whites dried and powdered by our exclusive process—with all the nutriment and delicious flavour of fresh eggs. The most wholesome and economical o all sweets.



If your grocer doesn't stock it, drop us a post-card giving his name.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., Manchester. Φ

One of the "JASON" "Lasteni (Last any) De Luxe" range 56 Gauge, plain, seamless with Lasteni Foot and extra spliced Ankle, Toe, Heel and Foot, in all colors.

Price 2/6 per pair.

Behind the "Jason" Tab is the *Manufacturers'* guarantee of pure wool construction & unshrinkability

"Jason"

Quality STOCKINGS AND SOCKS

For Ladies, Children and Men.

Jason	"Grace" Range	4/- pair
Jason	"Primus" Range	3/6 pair
Jason	"Ideal" Range	3/3 pair
Jason	"Excel" Range	3/- pair
Jason	"Triumph" Range	2/9 pair
Jason	"De Luxe" Range	2/6 pair
Jason	"Leader" Range	2/3 pair
Jason	"Elite" Range	2/- pair

From Drapers and Outfitters everywhere. In case of difficulty, write

W. Tyler, Sons & Co., Leicester

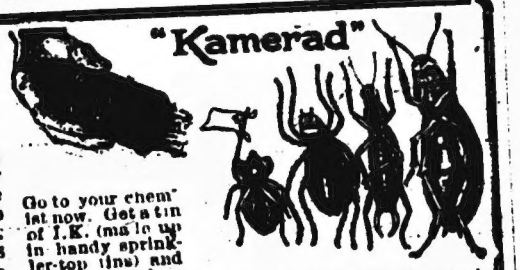
No quarter given!

That's the beauty of Hawley's I.K. No "nine lives" for Mr. Beetle—or his Kin—once he has actually come into contact with I.K. It Kills. Clear germ carrying agents (for that's what these obnoxious insects really are) out of your home for good.

Hawley's

I.K.

Insect Killer.



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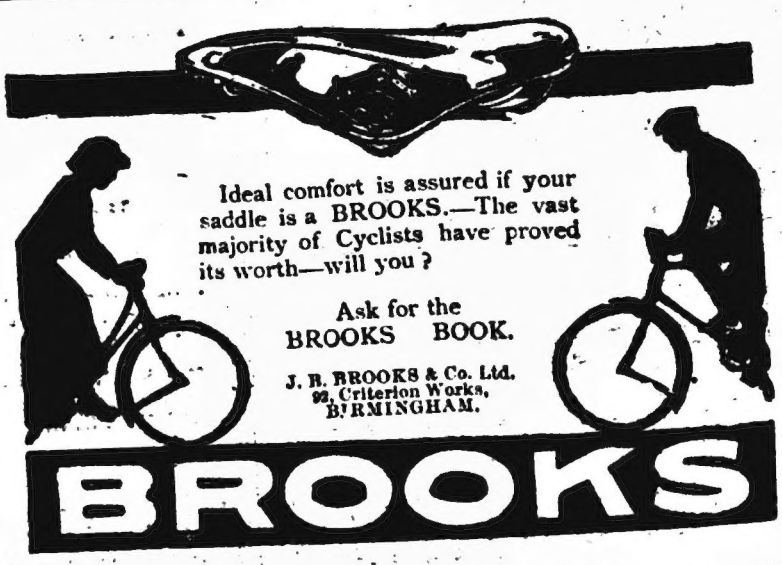

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